

Vol. XV

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905

No. 30.

# THE MIRROR

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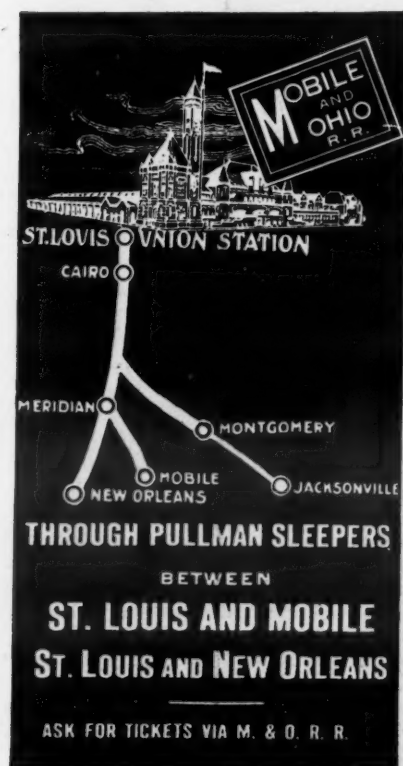
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# The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 30

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## When Billy Palmore Sold Sunday Booze

By Callaway Dade

[Rev. W. B. Palmore, editor of the "Christian Advocate," some weeks ago, in a sermon on the Sunday law, indulged in some insinuations of a very unpleasant, not to say disgraceful nature, concerning the ladies of the German-American Alliance who protested against "the lid." He has refused to withdraw the remarks that associated the ladies with loose women here during the Fair.]

FROM 1868 to 1874 the Rev. Dr. Wm. B. Palmore did not in practice conform to the views he now expresses regarding the Sunday law and the sale of intoxicants. Then he lived at the little hamlet of Waverly, Lafayette County, Mo., and was part owner of a drug store that transacted a large business in the sale of whisky. It was the only drug store in town. Whisky was sold by the gallon, by the quart, by the pint or by the drink. One could purchase good whisky or "nigger whisky" at option. Then, as now, the two saloons in Waverly were closed on Sunday, but the drug store kept "the lid" off; so no one in Waverly with the price need have gone dry on Sunday as long as the firm of Tucker & Palmore continued in business there. Tucker was a physician, and devoted much of his time to his profession, while his partner looked after sales, of which whisky constituted no inconsiderable part.

Waverly is a quaint old town. It sits on high ground. From the rear of the building where Tucker & Palmore formerly did business, one can see the Missouri river for miles, and the prosperous cities of Carrollton, Lexington, Marshall, Miami and Norborne. The view is an inspiring one. Within 100 feet still stands the substantial log house erected by Col. John B. Thomas of Mexican War fame, in 1818, while Missouri was yet a territory. Nearly all the houses in the town are old, but as all of them were built to live in—not to sell—they are in a good state of preservation. Rich farming land surrounds the town. The people are industrious, generous and kind-hearted, if the fur is not rubbed the wrong way. Nearly all of the older male inhabitants saw service in the Confederate army, while here and there are to be found some of Quantrell's men who wrote their deeds of the Civil War in great splotches of blood. They are quiet, industrious farmers now, but no good judge of human nature would try to bluff one of them. It was in this neighborhood that the Rev. Dr. Wm. B. Palmore grew from Tennessee boyhood into Missouri manhood. Towards the close of the Civil War, in September or October, 1864, he enlisted in General Marmaduke's Command, C. S. A., and became attached to Marmaduke's escort. He participated in the battles of Westport and Newtonia. At the former battle he exhibited considerable personal bravery in rescuing a Confederate standard that had been shot out of an ensign's hands. He surrendered with the command at Shreveport, La., at the close of hostilities.

All the old-timers at Waverly refer to the Rev. Dr. Palmore as "Billy Palmore." He has a number of relatives living in Lafayette and Saline Counties, and as a general rule, he is well liked. Some say he has too much self-esteem, but others say: "O, well, that is just Billy's way. He means right and he is trying to do right now. Suppose he did sell lots of whisky once—that was a long time ago, and he is sorry of it now." It is not an easy matter to find an old-timer of Waverly now who does not be-

lieve that Dr. Palmore is sincere. They will condemn him as a notoriety-seeker, and for his egotism, but invariably they will wind up by saying that he is trying to lead a sincere Christian life. But there are some who condemn him, and are not choice in the language they use.

"I believe I bought 500 gallons of whisky from Billy Palmore while he was running a drug store here," said an old resident of Waverly. "Billy kept good whisky, and he kept 'nigger whisky,' and he sold it by the drink or in any quantity to suit the purchaser. He sold from 8 to 10 barrels a month and he sold to anyone who had the money or good credit. He sold on week days and he sold on Sundays. I believe Sunday was his best day, as the saloons here never sold on Sunday. I know he sold whisky on Sunday, because I bought it from him and saw him sell it to others. He made good money, too, and bought a 320-acre farm near town which for the past 20 years has rented at \$5 an acre, the lessee keeping up all repairs. I don't think that Billy will deny selling whisky under a druggist's license. There are too many men yet living here who will make affidavit that he did. I will make affidavit that I bought whisky from him on Sundays, and saw him sell to others. Yes, I read the insulting remarks he made about the ladies of the German-American Alliance in St. Louis. Well, if those ladies want to tar and feather him, I will pay for the tar and feathers. There wasn't any Sunday lid around here when Billy Palmore was running a whisky drug store in Waverly. Sunday was his best day, for during the week he had to compete with two saloons, which necessarily made heavy inroads on his sales. He may have been in favor of closing the saloons on Sundays then—no doubt he was—but he was not in favor of preventing drug stores from doing a saloon business on Sundays.

"I recall an incident in connection with Billy's Sunday whisky selling that is worth relating. It happened one very cold Sunday back in the 70's. Old man Emanuel—— was in town and drank a great deal more whisky than was good for him. Toward evening he purchased a gallon jug of whisky from Billy, and, mounting his old horse, started home in a badly befuddled condition. About a mile from town he fell off the horse and remained there with the jug beside him all night. The old man wore long whiskers, which became so imbedded and frozen in the ground that his rescuers next morning found it necessary either to chop his whiskers out with a block of frozen mud or cut them off in order to effect his release. As the old man was very proud of his whiskers, a chunk of earth was chopped out with them. He was then taken to a fire, which operated to divorce his whiskers from Mother Earth. The old man was pretty badly frost-bitten, but he survived the experience, and quit visiting Billy's drug store on Sunday. It was a wonder he was not frozen to death."

Tucker & Palmore originally opened business in a room on the second floor of a brick building on the only business street of the town. They didn't stay there long, but presently occupied a one-story frame building 200 feet East on the same block. This building still stands, although two props are necessary to preserve its equilibrium. The front is now used as a

lunch room and the rear as a residence for a family. It is just such a frame business house as one sees in all small towns. The building doesn't look like it had been treated to a coat of paint since Tucker & Palmore retired from business thirty-five years ago. If the props were removed, a good wind would tumble it down. Jimson weeds grow up as high as the windows, and all outward appearances convince the casual observer that prosperity departed from that frame structure when Tucker & Palmore went out of business. Any resident will point out the building to a visitor, and some of them will say: "There is the place where Billy Palmore used to sell whisky." When the firm moved into larger quarters, Billy fitted up a sleeping room in the rear, and was always responsive to night calls for "wet groceries." When the boys from Quality Ridge came into town late at night for the main ingredient of eggnogg or toddy they made a straight line for the drug store. No matter how late, Billy, it is related, would always fill their order. The saloons closed early in the evening, but no matter if Billy had closed the drug store, a call in the rear would meet with prompt response. For miles around, the boys all knew this and hence they were never confronted with a liquor famine as long as he was in business in Waverly.

The statement is made that Dr. Palmore inherited some \$2,000, and that this was the capital he invested in the drug business. He is referred to now as a wealthy man. His farm near Waverly is worth perhaps \$35,000. It is not known what his interest in the *Christian Advocate* is worth, but it is supposed to be considerable. Old residents at Waverly believe that most of his money was acquired in the drug business, and that whisky was the most profitable article he handled. Those who ought to know affirm that this is true. On one occasion, it is related, Tucker & Palmore were at loggerheads with the city authorities over the sale of what the latter claimed was beer. Efforts were made to prosecute them for selling beer under a druggist's license, but nothing came of it. The firm claimed that the stuff they were offering for sale was really not beer, but some sort of a substitute. The city authorities held otherwise, but presently matters were compromised by the firm dropping such sales and adhering to the drug and whisky business. About 1874 the firm retired from business. Dr. Palmore entered Vanderbilt University, and eventually became a minister of the M. E. Church South. He filled pulpits at Marshall and Jefferson City before coming to St. Louis. While pastor of the church at Jefferson City he was chaplain of the penitentiary, and also served one session as a Legislative chaplain. Dr. Tucker died some years after retiring from the drug business.

While Dr. Palmore was in the drug store business he devised means for ridding the town of two objectionable white women who lived near his store. With some other young men he visited the women's home one cool night, dragged them outside and ducked each one of them in a barrel of cold water. The cure proved effective, but the incident occasioned talk that has not yet subsided. Dr. Palmore was religiously inclined even while engaged in the drug business, for he found time on Sundays to take a prominent part in Sunday school work.

The citizens of Waverly are morally inclined, but they are not Puritans by any means. Dr. Palmore visits them occasionally, and everybody in that part of the country knows him personally. Generally speaking, he is respected. Still, some of the best men in the town and vicinity say that his self-esteem and desire for notoriety have led him a little too far from the kindly Master who said: "Judge not that ye be not judged." They condemn him for what he said about the ladies of the German-American Alliance, and recall the fact that time was in Waverly when he was not a violent prohibitionist, nor an intolerant advocate of the Sunday lid. If he then favored closed saloons on Sunday, he did not favor

the closing of whisky drug stores on Sunday, particularly the one in Waverly. Even the large majority who give him credit for sincerity think that he is a little lacking in charity for others.

Waverly still has two saloons and one drug store just as it had when Dr. Palmore was in business there. The saloons close Saturday night and do not reopen until Monday morning. The drug store is owned by Dr. Deane and managed by J. D. Davis. Unlike Dr. Palmore when he was in the business

Dr. Deane will not allow a drop of whisky in his drug store at any time. Dr. Deane is not likely to own a 320 acre farm, either, when he retires from business. He is satisfied to do a legitimate drug store business, and he is a kindly gentleman who condemns no one. When a customer calls at his drug store for whisky, he is told to go to men who pay a license to sell intoxicants. As a result, no one has ever been able to buy whisky in Waverly on Sunday since Billy Palmore retired from business.

## Those North American Bonds

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 5, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

**I**N what you have said so far about the bond investment companies you have not landed on the solar plexus.

Permit me to enable you to do so.

I am an investor in the North American Investment Company. I went into the scheme because of the representations of the agents. They represented that the purchase of this company's investment bonds was an inducement to save; that five per cent per annum was guaranteed, and that if you persisted in paying in upon your investment for eight years you would receive from 17 to 20 per cent a year by reason of the lapses and discounts. To back up these representations the agents showed a letter from the president of the company to Mr. A. L. Atwood of San Francisco, in which the president demonstrates the ability of the company to earn over 15 per cent for persistent investors, in the following language:

"The North American Investment Company has all the advantages of a life company in its earnings, and not the disadvantages due to the loss of 18 per cent by death. From actual experience attained, according to deductions by actuaries, and which is proven by insurance history, we know we can earn 5 per cent from interest; 3 per cent from lapses; 6 per cent on discounted bonds surrendered for cash settlement before maturity; 2 per cent from proportionate paid-up bonds, and fines and transfer fees, or a total of 16 per cent per annum. This does not take into consideration the money saved from death."

This sounds reasonable. A study of the way the mutual insurance companies make their money shows that it is probably true. The question that arises at this stage is: Are these people good for the money—can they be intrusted with its care? To answer this the agent finds an easy task. He shows you that the North American Investment Company is run under the care and protection of the State of Missouri. He refers you to the words of his company's president, found in the Atwood letter just quoted from. They are as follows:

"Under the laws of the State of Missouri the company is compelled to deposit securities with the State Treasurer in the sum of \$100,000, which securities must consist of either 'cash, United States bonds, Missouri State bonds, county, municipal, township (city) or school bonds, or mortgage bonds secured by deeds of trust on unencumbered real estate, which, together with the improvements thereon, shall be worth double the amount of said mortgage bonds.' This law further provides that an additional deposit of securities of the same character shall be made with the treasurer of the State of Missouri semi-annually whenever the liabilities exceed the present deposit of \$100,000, and sufficient in amount to equal the liability of the company to its bondholders. However large said liabilities may become the deposit with the State must be equal thereto and under the law is held for the 'protection of investors.' The company is under State examination, like State and national banks, and, even if it desired, could not evade the responsibilities to bondholders."

After you have digested this, the following is flashed upon you as the law of Missouri that protects you.

### STATUTES OF MISSOURI.

SECTION 1536, BOND INVESTMENT COMPANIES REQUIRED TO DEPOSIT CASH OR BONDS WITH STATE TREASURER TO PROTECT INVESTORS.—That every corporation doing business in this State as a bond investment company, or company to place and sell bonds, certificates or debentures on the partial payment or installment plan, shall, and the same is hereby required to deposit with the State Treasurer in cash, United States or Missouri State bonds or bonds of any county, municipal, township or school bonds, or mortgage bonds secured by deeds of trust on unencumbered real estate which, together with the improvements thereon, shall be worth at least double the amount of said notes, or such parts of each of the above mentioned securities, so that the whole deposit will be equal to the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000), and whenever the liabilities of such bonds, certificates or debentures in force on the books of the company shall exceed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, said company shall make an additional deposit on the first day of January and July of each year, a sum sufficient in amount to cover the excess liability accrued during the preceding six months, for the protection of the investors in such bonds, certificates or debentures. Laws, 1897, p. 90-F.

You may still be doubtful. The agent explains the great success of the company in its home city, St. Louis, the prominent men who are directing its destinies, the well-known citizens on the board of directors, and the confidence they inspire in home subscribers. If, however, you know nothing of the character or integrity of these men, the agent hands you a copy of a letter from the treasurer of the State of Missouri which not only certifies to the large amount on deposit "for the protection of investors," and to the correctness of the company's accounts and books, the solidity of its business and the safety of the investments, but goes beyond all this and officially recommends the whole proposition to careful investors as something very enviable indeed.

As safe as anything can be, and "as surety sure." You have simply to pay \$1 a week on each \$500 bond and you will not only be saving money, but getting a guaranteed interest of 5 per cent, and a possible interest of from 16 to 20 per cent.

The task of eating a quail a day for thirty days is a mild and palatable performance compared with paying a dollar a week on an investment. I won't go into the details of this situation, for it is open to the imagination. The little book and the collector are always at hand taking in the \$1 a week, or \$4 or \$5 a month, and if you can't pay you may be able to stand the thing off, and then it piles up on you until you find that either it is impossible to meet the postponed deposits or the whole thing becomes such a burden that you seek to sell out. As well might a rat try to get out of a trap. The conditions on the back of the bond are studied. More tergiversation in the same amount of space cannot be found in any document known to man. Nothing goes but what the bond *actually* says. The agent's representations are repudiated unless you find them in the bond, and, of course, you can't find them. One by one the features of apparent reliability, the backbone of the investment, take on the aspect of fraud. In



nine cases out of ten, being a poor man, the subscriber, feeling that he is swindled, undoubtedly throws the thing up and makes no effort to recover his money, as he knows not how and cannot afford to make a legal fight. It is a death-trap for a poor man who realizes that the sooner he quits the quicker he gets rid of a remorseless grip upon his hoard of savings. He has a bond, it is true. But every feature of it as he goes over and over it gives him less hope of recovering any of his money. On the back of the bond are the "surrender values," dating from 36 months after investment. These are supposed to mean that the company will pay these amounts to the investor after he stays in for three years. They do not mean anything of the kind. In the cunningly worded clause governing the table of surrender values it is crookedly set forth that these values apply only if the company calls in the bond. Not one investor in 1,000 can see this catch when he invests. What good, then, is the bond, if you want to retire? This throws you up against the fraud that has been worked on you under the guise of "protection" by the State of Missouri. In two of the clauses of the bond there are deviously set forth these facts: First, that after you have made payments upon your bond for eight months, 40 per cent of all subsequent payments shall be placed in a fund for bond redemption and 35 per cent of said subsequent payments shall "be held as a reserve by the company for investment and deposit with the treasurer of the State of Missouri for the 'protection of investors' in said bonds." The second clause declares that from the subsequent payments you may receive "in cash from the redemption fund its reserve with interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, which shall constitute the full liability of the company on this bond." If you can tell what that means you've got me. But if you don't like this, you have another alternative. You "may assign it to the company as collateral security and borrow 75 per cent of the total payments made, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum in advance, provided advance payments shall be made hereon for one year from date of said loan." This is where the company gets back its bond and lends you 75 per cent of your own money, for which you pay the company six per cent per annum.

If anybody had ever unfolded that scheme to *Shylock* he would have said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

A great light begins to dawn upon you as to the meaning of the assurances regarding the Missouri State laws. You find in looking back over the president's promises that instead, as he says, of there being \$100,000 in the Missouri State Treasury for every \$100,000 of bonds, there is money merely "sufficient to equal the liability of the company to its bondholders," and that the Missouri law, which contains language that would lead a person to believe that the State saw to it that for every \$100,000 invested \$100,000 must be put up by the company, the deposit shall equal only the liability of the bonds. You find further, if you investigate as I did, that this is absolutely the only law in "The Missouri Statutes" on the subject, that it fits so exactly the language of the bond that it is clear that the brain that conceived the one created the other, and that the supreme swindle of the whole thing is the use of the word "protection" in the statute, for there is nothing in the law enforcing protection, providing for protection or naming any method by which protection may be secured.

The poor investor who "gets wise" to the fraud of this scheme quits and curses Missouri and her laws and officials. What is said to him by the agent, or collector, or any officer of the company to whom he writes? "Keep on paying; the officers are all right, the company is all right, and you'll get your money back." That appears to be the only thing to do, and there are undoubtedly thousands of investors who keep paying in all the time to hold their previous payments, and who are looking for a safe return of

the money with five per cent interest, being willing to leave to the officers whatever they may skin off in the way of lapses, surrenders, etc. And right here it may be said that the graft of this business is so great that the company could afford to return each investor all his money and 20 per cent additional at the maturity of the bond and still have money to burn.

Now, Mr. Editor, it's time for the government of the State of Missouri or of the United States, or of both, to step in and see what the North American Company is doing with other people's money, and what kind of protection these other people have. The situation at present is that a law containing fraud in its provisions, framed to make it appear that a man is protected for 100 per cent when he isn't even protected for the concealed 35, is used to secure investors in a bond scheme that leaves the investor completely at the mercy of men who have to make accounting to nobody. State examination under the circumstances can mean nothing, for the examination is not on behalf of the investor, but of the company. There is no protection of any kind, private or official. On top of the use of a State law and the name of the State of Missouri, which is stamped all over the North American Investment Company's literature, is the use of the following letter from State Treasurer Williams, which is about as much as Mr. Williams could say if the State itself were running the company:

State of Missouri, Office of State Treasurer, City of Jefferson, R. P. Williams, State Treasurer, Chas. L. Elliot, Chief Clerk, Dec. 31, 1904.

Hon. R. L. Maupin, Pt., North American Investment Co., St. Louis Mo.:

Dear Sir:—Mr. Geo. L. Williams, Treasurer of your company, made an additional deposit with me on yesterday of \$50,000 in securities, all of which fully complied with the Statutes of Missouri. This now makes the deposit of your company with the State Treasurer, \$350,000.

I am most gratified to be able to state that all these securities comply strictly with the law, and are worth any day from 5 to 10 per cent more than their face value. It is certainly a great pleasure to me to be able to make this statement, not only to you, but to any person seeking an investment with you, and should be a guarantee to your investors that you are amply provided to take care of all the moneys intrusted to you.

Wishing you every success, I have the honor to remain, Yours very respectfully,

R. P. WILLIAMS,  
Treasurer of the State of Missouri.

The president of the company, in his Atwood letter, lies to the prospective investor, the agents lie, the State of Missouri lies, the Missouri State Treasurer lies and the bond lies. The few excerpts presented herewith prove that they lie. The object of all this lying is to take away from frugal people their hoards, or competencies, on the guarantee of five per cent interest. The crime in the transaction, it seems to me, is for the State of Missouri to disclose, by an investigation of the most searching character. As the State of Missouri allows itself to guarantee a financial scheme that will not pay more than 35 per cent of an investor's money back to him, the State of Missouri ought to put enough safeguards around the proposition to insure that the depositor gets even that much, as I doubt very much whether he can get even that amount back as things are at present.

GABRIELE.

♦♦♦♦♦  
That's a terrible rumor, that Gov. Folk is going to appoint John C. Roberts a Police Commissioner. John C. Roberts drinks Cook's Imperial. There is only one St. Louisan who can drink Cook's Imperial without loss of prestige, *ipso facto*. That is Judge Chester Harding Krum. We hope that Gov. Folk will not accord recognition to any politician who, in moments of efflorescence, "opens Cook's."

♦♦♦♦♦  
ON DIT, that the *Post-Dispatch* depositions in Sam Cook's libel suit will probably "bust" a big Kansas City bank.

## Reflections

### The President's Popularity

THERE never was a President so popular as Roosevelt is now, and never one more deservedly so. But, said the Greeks, beware of great good luck. And *hoi polloi* is fickle. Fortunately, the applause of the multitude, in Roosevelt's case, is supplemented by the judicious approval of the discriminating few—the remnant, as Matthew Arnold called them. "The crowd must have emphatic warrant," and in Roosevelt's case it has it, yet the fame of Roosevelt will rest finally upon the things of lesser spectacular effect in his career. Under all his spectacularity is the real thing—the man Roosevelt devoted to the ideals of the founders of the Republic and doing the work cut out for him with an enthusiasm and an intensity of energy which are an inspiration to many who might otherwise despair of the practicality of idealism in a sordid time of which the chief gods are Expediency and Self Interest. The man's character justifies his works for good along lines in which it may be said he exceeds the limitations of the Constitution. It is as man, even more than as President that Roosevelt "makes good," though of course his position clothes him with power from the people. He has made peace—he, almost alone. He did it simply because his own people love him and all the world has faith in his high, unselfish purposes. Nothing he has done in his career has been done for the aggrandizement of himself. He has made mistakes for friendship's sake, but "e'en his failings lean to virtue's side." He has done so mightily and so well that henceforward more and more will be expected of him. In so far as man's expectations are apt to outrun the possibility of their realization in full, the multitude is likely, in turn, to be disappointed in Roosevelt, but that is nothing; man expects rather more of God than is possible even to Omnipotence. We may expect some reaction from the present world-plaudits for the President, but no reaction will go so far as to asperse the glory that is his of having brought about a peace, which seemed otherwise impossible of arrangement, that met the desire of the whole world. He has been pictured to the world as a sort of Berserker, a blood-drinker, a statesman spoiling for fights, and now he stands forth by virtue of his very "strenuousness" the unapproachable organizer of international amity. That shall stand for him enduringly to posterity for all time, however or in whatever else he may not meet the anticipations of the world that thinks through its emotions. Not likely is it that he shall have many more opportunities to appeal so successfully to the more generous imaginations of men, as he has done through his interposition in the proceedings at the Kittery navy yard. May the future hold as little as possible of disappointment for the people in Roosevelt. The wish is one not too optimistic, for however he may fail we know that there will be no falling away in him from the pursuit of those supremely excellent things to the attainment of which he has devoted his life.

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### Regulate the Chauffeurs.

SOME days ago two chauffeurs took Mr. August Busch's automobile from a garage and smashed it on Grand avenue. The men had no authority to take the machine. The owner could not prosecute them in the courts. There is no law to punish persons who use automobiles without the owner's consent, though a person may be prosecuted for taking out any other vehicle without such consent. Clearly there is need

## THE MIRROR

for an amendment of the law to cover such a case. Chauffeurs in the automobiles of their owners, running them without consent, not only frequently smash valuable machines, but run into and over people, maiming and killing them. Severe penalties should be imposed on any chauffeur caught driving a machine without the owner's authority. Every chauffeur should be examined as to his proficiency and efficiency by a municipal board. Furthermore, he should be investigated as to his character, his sobriety, his associates, etc. Then when found competent, he should be given a card that would be his license. Whenever he was responsible for an accident, or was found intoxicated in charge of a machine, or running the machine without the owner's authority, in bad company, his card should be taken from him and the owner of an automobile employing a chauffeur without a card, should be deprived of his license. If a chauffeur lost his card and couldn't get a job without it, chauffeurs would be careful not to break the rules and regulations, and if automobile owners sued for damages wrought by their machines, were to be at a disadvantage if the fact were made known that their chauffeurs had no card, the card would be as important to the owner as to the chauffeur. By the card or license system, the chauffeur would be impressed with a sense of responsibility. If all cities would institute a similar regulation, and no chauffeur could be employed in one city without a card issued in the city he had just left, the whole country would be protected from dumb and drunken, disreputable chauffeurs, just as it is from irresponsible stationary engineers. In Paris, the card system is vigorously applied, and a chauffeur values his license as much as a lawyer or physician his diploma. The system minimizes accidents. It also prevents chauffeurs from sporting with their lady friends in fine machines without permission. A lost card means no employment as chauffeur in all France. This city has done nothing in legislation with regard to automobiles, but tax the owners of the eight hundred odd machines in use, and go to the fool expense of buying two machines—one now smashed—to chase scorchers. Why chase them when the number of the license tag indicates the owner, who can be brought in by summons, later? Why send scorchers after scorchers, increasing the peril of the pedestrians and others on the boulevards? Irresponsible chauffeurs do most of the scorching. They wouldn't, if scorching were sure to cost them their cards. Possibly too, the card system would relieve garage owners of grafting chauffeurs, who, if they can't have their own hours, don't get their "bit" on sales, or can't take out any machine whenever they wish, scratch up the vehicles, puncture the tires, put the cylinders or other machinery "on the bum" and play hob generally. Good, sober, decent chauffeurs would not resent regulation by the card system. The other kind don't matter. As it is now, a chauffeur may wreck a \$5,000 car, or wantonly run down some woman to-day, and be fired therefor, but he's at the wheel for another auto-owner to-morrow. The Municipal Assembly should give us some sensible legislation on automobiles and chauffeurs. And the first thing, possibly, should be the prohibition of the blinding acetylene search lights on machines in the city limits.



## That Gospel Tavern

THAT Gospel Tavern in the New York subway has "backslid." The water-wagon attachment is to be discontinued and where Bishop Potter intoned "Old Hundred" the roysterer will henceforth warble "Taa-man-nee" between swallows of "suds" and "paint."

The poor man won't stand for the club that tries to make a cock-tail of barbed-wire-juice and the Ten Commandments, and he doesn't want his gin-rickey flavored with the Eight Beatitudes, even while he may regard the ladling out of drinks as one of the Corporal Works of Mercy. The end of the Subway Gospel Tavern is more rational than its beginning, and the good intentions of Bishop Potter in opening the "dump" with prayer make that high ecclesiastic only the more ridiculous when the place passes into the hands of the Bernheimer and Schwartz Pilsener Brewery Company. It is to be regretted that Anheuser-Busch of St. Louis, didn't get the tavern, for St. Louis beer is a more piously prepared and generally Christianizing beverage than any product of New York in the Gambrinian line.



JOE LEITER says that Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who has resigned as Viceroy of India, is "a good fellow." Joe is an expert authority on good fellowship, and his word goes, but it is probable that Joe sympathizes with his brother-in-law because the latter has been "squeezed" by Kitchener, as the former was by Armour, Cudahy *et al.* in his famous wheat corner.



## Pardon The Boodlers

Gov. FOLK might be as magnanimous to the imprisoned boodlers as Japan has been to Russia, and pardon them out in a batch. They have been sufficiently punished, since the guiltier have escaped any punishment. 'Tis folly to insist that the service of full terms is necessary to justice. To men of the stamp of those sentenced for boodling, one day's confinement, the stripes and the shaven head are more of punishment than are five years to the ignorant darkies who actually enjoy the time they pass in "stir," or to the burglars and thieves who have never known any measure of even such small public honor as a membership in the St. Louis House of Delegates. If the bribers had been caught and punished there would be no plea for early pardon of the bribed, but justice stalks as injustice when one thinks of the incarcerated ex-delegates and then of their tempters and the squealers walking the streets free and apparently happy. Twelve delegates went free that seven might suffer. The proportion of pardoned to punished in the combine is too large, especially when the more wolfish and more intelligent of the combine are those who turned State's evidence upon the poor devils now doing time at Jefferson City.



REALLY it seems to look as if the Democratic party had "retired from politics."



WITTE is likely to lose all the respect in which he has been held if he continues to talk about himself, as he is reported in recent dispatches. The statesman who talks too freely to the press is eventually "done up" thereby. The press loses regard for any public character who is too easy to interview. In public life whose lives by the newspaper shall perish by the newspaper.



## Lid Issue In Ohio

OVER in Ohio a man named Johnson, openly in favor of putting on "the lid," is running for Governor, and running so fast that his opponent, Myron T. Merrick, has put up the signal of distress and called for the help of Foraker, in his canvass. "The lid" seems to be rallying the ruralists to the Johnson cause. The farmer in any State is not a liberalist as to liquor laws, no matter how he "paints her up" when he comes to town. Still it will take a great many lid-

favoring farmers to overcome the natural Republican majority in Ohio. On the other hand, Myron T. Herrick has been a pretty weak sister as Governor of Ohio, and, as Oscar Wilde said of Bernard Shaw, his enemies don't like him and his friends don't care for him. Herrick will only be carried through on party momentum, if at all. Tom Johnson, the single taxer, seems to be in eclipse. His idea in Democratic politics in Ohio is temporarily shelved, though he seems to be giving great satisfaction as Mayor of Cleveland. As a city man, Tom Johnson doesn't like "the lid," but as a politician he is willing to "lay low" as to personal sentiment, and let the other Johnson win on "the lid," if he can.



If Alton B. Parker had been President he would probably have handled the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations, if at all, with the same genius for bunglement which characterized his scuttling of the Democratic platform by his gold telegram at the St. Louis convention.



AERONAUT BALDWIN'S uniquely tragic fate—blown to atoms in a balloon two thousand feet in air—happens along, possibly, as a warning to the President not to attempt aerostatic adventures on the strength of his successful trip to the bottom of the sea in the *Plunger*.



## Scorching Times In Paris

JAMES HAZEN HYDE is going to decline the noun Paris. We warn him. The genitive of Paris is "paresis." Furthermore, I received a picture postal from Maxim's the other day indicating the presence there of Festus J. Wade in a 40 Panhard car, with fire in his eye behind big goggles, while Jim Campbell roves about, seeking whom he may devour, in his Mercedes. A Paris with such temporarily appurtenant St. Louisans therein is dangerous to young men like Mr. James Hazen Hyde. If he goes up against the St. Louisan in Paris, Mr. Hyde will think that the explosion in the Equitable that projected him thither was as the bursting of a gas tank to the eruption of Mont Pelee.



AI-EE-AOUW! The *Globe-Democrat* has begun printing dispatches from Kansas City under the department heading, "Suburban." Wait until Col. Bill Nelson, of the Kansas City *Star*, hears this news in Europe. The cables will be burned out with the editorials he will send over the mermaid's roost.



CAN'T you see it coming? How hard it is going to be for Roosevelt to stick to his determination not to run again for President!



## Back to Schmiekase.

ONCE more I would suggest that nothing will soothe or mollify the chafing in the Republican City Committee so well as taking its business end down to Henry Besch's Cherokee Garden where the schmiekase is cool and the fried chicken is most digestible. When the party was run from the Cherokee Garden, the party was victorious. Ziegenhein's star—the moon yet, ain't it—shone brightly in the sky, and, for the Democrats, "graft was on the fritzer." Ah, those were happy days. There haven't been any since—for the Republicans. *Schmiekase* is great brain food, and as for fried chicken, if one eats too much of it at the Garden, Doctor Dan Hochdoerfer is there to apply the proper restoratives—preferably *weiss hier mit kummel*. If it be true that Otto Stifel is trying to



oughten out the Republican City Central Committee, he should take it down to the place whereat and wherefrom its greatest triumphs were won in the days of the mastery of Besch and Wuerzburger and Starkloff, otherwise *Der Dreibund*. Mr. Stifel will find victory, down there, and something to boot, other than the Talty contingent in the committee.

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#### Complications of Kissing

A LATE gallant local leader explains his retirement from politics by saying that he can't tie up with Col. Ed Butler or with Folk, either. Yet the l. g. l. l. is tied up with Butler in fixing the House of Delegates to handle certain big franchise legislation, and at the same time he is dallying with the Scotch High Ball McLeod to turn the party machine over to Folk. This is a double-cross retirement from politics, but it is unfortunate in that a man who tries to straddle between Folk and Butler must be seriously injured in the attempt. He's in a nice fix whether he tries to explain to a Folk man or to a Butlerite. His fix is almost as bad as that of *Alphonse* when met by *Gaston* at the club in Paris. "What is the matter, *Alphonse*?" queries sympathetic *Gaston*. "You look blue. Has your wife caught you kissing that pretty governess of yours?" *Alphonse* groaned. "Worse than that," he replied. "The pretty governess caught me kissing my wife." The late gallant local leader believing in "a wide open town," is playing in with the man who clamped down "the lid." Also with Butler, whom Folk tried to "put away for three stretches." If each of the victims of diplomacy "catch on" to the gallant leader he will land where he is—in retirement. Whether he is worse off when caught by Butler kissing Folk, or by Folk kissing Butler, is an open question.

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WHAT hope of peace between Lawson and Rogers, or between Miss Tarbell and Rockefeller? If only they'd make up, we might close the temple of Janus for a little while at least.

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#### Dyspepsia

DR. CHARLES H. HUGHES, of St. Louis, advances observation and authorities in support of the contention that dyspepsia is a brain disease. This isn't Eddyism by any means, though it may seem so, to the wits. It isn't a brain-thought, but a brain illness. Dyspepsia is the disease of those who work with their heads. Hard working, unthinking people rarely have dyspepsia. It isn't a disease of fops or idlers. It's like insanity—one needs must have a mind to have the disease. All of which is fairly convincing, but how is the Doctor going to minister to a mind diseased that asserts its diseasedness through the stomach?

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#### As To Lid-Lifting

THE SUNDAY lid law assailants have the logic and the sentiment on their side, in St. Louis at least. They claim to be in the majority. That being the case, they waste time protesting against enforcement. What they should do is agitate and organize for a repeal of the law, at least as far as the big cities are concerned. The energy expended is slangwhanging Governor Folk is largely wasted. Those people who feel that the law is an infringement of personal liberty, those who believe it morally impolitic, those who contend that the repressions necessary and possible in small communities are not either in a metropolis should enter upon a campaign to get men into the Legislature of that way of thinking and to convert or enthuse the hold-over members. St. Louis ought to have some say as to the laws it wants, and the same is true of the regions of the State up around

Hermann and Washington, where the Germans settled and where there has grown up a wine industry. The editor of the MIRROR doesn't like the Sunday law, and he isn't a worshiper of Folk, but the only way to get rid of the Sunday law is by educational methods tending to create sentiment favoring repeal, and this is not best done by angry denunciation of the law's enforcement. The lid in St. Louis is worse than a crime against personal liberty; it is an annoyance and a nuisance, but sesquipedalian fulminations are not abating the nuisance; they themselves are rather becoming nuisances. The lid-lifters will succeed when they get to work in the proper channels. They can force at least an amendment of the law that will take the strait-jacket off the big cities. They can only do this by organized effort, and their effort will only be hampered by intemperate utterances against law-enforcement, which, hypocritic or not, is an incontrovertible proposition of government. Off with the lid—but it won't off by any other method than a change, which may or may not go the distance of complete repeal of the law. We have blown off a good deal of steam. Now is the time for the lid-lifters to get together and hustle to impress their ideas on the lawmakers to be nominated by both parties.

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THE *Republic* ought to be happy. Governor Francis has started a controversy with the National World's Fair Commissioners that will give it an excuse for printing his picture five times a week, for the next six months.

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#### The Pull's Bluff

THE bucket-shops have the same "pull" the race tracks had. That "pull" was smashed once. It can be smashed again, even if it does profess to be able to control nominations in both parties for the judiciary that tries such misdemeanor cases. It will try to involve the Merchants' Exchange transactions in the matter, as gambling the same as that which goes on in bucket-shops. The bluff is even now working upon some members of the Exchange who have affiliations more or less close with the bucket-shop "pull."

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#### Our Zealous Officials.

CITIZENS of St. Louis who receive notice from the Health Commissioner to cut weeds on their property, receive, by the same mail, a postal card from a weed-cutting company that has offices in the Wainwright Building. If private sewers must be repaired or reconstructed, or if a certain kind of plumbing is ordered, the kind offer of a firm ready to do such work is invariably received with the official notice. How thoughtful of these city officials! Citizens are not required to waste precious time. When they are ordered to make some outlay, they need not institute any inquiries as to whom to employ, for some one in an official capacity looks after that matter. If there were a number of persons in St. Louis engaged in these various occupations, the officials would be subject to criticism for favoritism, and even grafting, but with a single firm cutting all the weeds condemned by the Board of Health, another having a monopoly of all sewer work and supplies, and another doing all the plumbing, a discerning public will not be slow to commend the patriotism and self-sacrifice of these city officials.

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ALL the big shoe-manufacturing houses have been banqueting their employees in celebration of annual dividends running as high as 42 per cent. What St. Louis needs is the injection into general business,

of the brains and energy that have made the shoe business such a colossally successful department of St. Louis' effort.

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#### Top o' the Heap and Cock o' the Walk.

THE Democratic State Committee will meet tomorrow for the avowed purpose of patching up party fences and preparing for next year's campaign. It is exceedingly doubtful, say the enemies of Folk, if anything beneficial to the party will result. The party is badly demoralized, they continue to assert, generalizing from their own particular case of sore head. Ex-Congressman Vandiver may shout peace, but there can be no peace, say the grumblers, until one of the factions has been exterminated, and when this process has been completed, there won't be enough of the other faction left to carry the State. The Folk men are in control of the State Committee. They are openly accused of treachery in the last campaign, by the old machine men, and it does not seem reasonable that the latter can be coaxed or driven into line by the Folk crowd. The "treachery" is supposed to be evidenced in the defeat of the ticket under Folk, though the fact is, that the rest of the ticket was defeated because the public believed Cook and Allen were crooks who were out of place on the ticket with Folk. The absurd machine men say it's up to the Committee to make good "if it can do so." It did make good with the only candidate it was possible to elect. Governor Folk is a candidate for the Presidency, and if Missouri should again be lost to the Democrats, his stock would experience a bad tumble. The machine men know this, and they are not in a mood to assume any responsibility for next year's campaign. A large percentage of them would look upon the defeat of a Folk State ticket next year with supreme indifference. Still the Committee is the organization, and the party will have to come to the organization or go to pieces. The machine crowd doesn't amount to much. There's not much of it, outside of the beer interest. Even the railroad lobby crowd curries favor with Folk. Gov. Stone is getting close to Folk, and Folk will soon have the city of St. Louis in his grip. The machine is in the air, with Sam Cook busy prosecuting libel suits, and Dockery dodging in the brush. All talk about the old machine grows more foolish. There won't be any. The old machine will have to rally to Folk or stay out. Folk can win without them, better possibly than with them—as the cases of Cook and Allen prove. Folk is top o' the heap and cock o' the walk.

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#### "And I Learned About Women From Her."

"You never can tell how mean a man is until you marry him," says a St. Louis woman to the newspapers. It is an epigram worthy of immortality. It lays away over Shakespeare's "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed." There are people who will insist that the apothegm is true also of women. But it isn't. You can never tell how mean a woman is, even after you've married her. You never can tell anything about a woman before or after marriage. When a man marries he is then and there unmasked. When a woman marries she becomes more inscrutable than ever. When a woman marries she learns a whole lot about everything, and the first thing she learns is never to let anyone know anything about what really is going on in her head and heart. It is doubtful if even God understands women, or the Devil either. She is—well woman *is*, and that's all that may safely be predicated of her. Even Kipling gives her up, his entirely evasive and unsatisfactory conclusion being that "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters un-

der their skin," which is lame and impotent after he's told you, as a refrain, that "the things you have learned from the yellow and black, they help you a heap with the white."

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Isn't it getting to be about time that something should happen somewhere to some woman who will not be referred to in the dispatches as "a well known society lady?"

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#### *Talked His Head Off.*

MR. A. BLONG, Police Commissioner, believes that horse-racing is good for business. It is. It is good for the business of "skinning suckers" and "trimming yaps." Mr. Blong also says "there are more hand books than ever now running in St. Louis." He is an officer of the law. Running hand books is against the law. Mr. Blong, as Police Commissioner, with the knowledge he has, should have the police shut the hand books. He hasn't done so. Therefore Mr. Blong should go. He has talked his own head off.

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CHAUNCEY DEPEW has paid back the money the Depew Improvement Company got from the Equitable on false pretenses and worthless guarantees. It never would have been paid but for the exposure of the way in which Chauncey, as director, loaned money to himself. His company's action may by some be called a vindication, but it looks like nothing more than a confession.

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#### *The True Situation.*

DON'T make any mistake about the local Democratic political situation. Mr. Mac Leod representing Folk is to be the Grand Pantata. But Mac Leod is a friend of the handsome Kentucky boss who is the pawn of Dave Francis and Sam Priest. Folk will be rolled when the time comes. Then, Francis to the front, on Ed. Goltra's money, with Sam Priest for general "fixer." Mayor Wells will be a candidate, more or less serious, for Governor. The Big Cinch may want many things. One thing it doesn't want. That's Folk. And the MIRROR hasn't been a Folk-olater either, if you remember.

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MORE bigamists are turning up every day. Diana, of the Crossways, was half wrong when she said that "Men have rounded Seraglio Point, they have not yet doubled Cape Turk." They haven't yet rounded the point.

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#### *Free Catholic Text Books.*

"A CATHOLIC" calls attention to the fact that in the Sts. Mary and Joseph school, in Carondelet, the pastor has decided to supply free text books to the pupils. He says: "Archbishop Glennon instructed us to vote against free text books, because it was a step towards socialism. Is he opposed to socialism in the State and in favor of socialism in the Church?" We suppose he is. The Church claims the sole right to educate the child. With this right goes, necessarily, the right to select the text books. The Church can give away its text books if it wishes to do so. The text books are really not free. The parishioners pay for them in contributions to the Church. It would be the same with the State, for that matter. Church socialism appears to be about the only practical or practicable socialism, thus far. What the Catholic church objects to in free text books, is the whole institution of State and non-sectarian education. It doesn't want free "godless" text books. It would not object to free Catholic text books. From the church's standpoint it cannot do otherwise than furnish free

text books in its schools, if that appears to be the surest, best way, to get the pupils to study from books which are certain not to inculcate other than Catholic doctrine. The Catholic church is a pretty socialistic institution in many ways, and, indeed, if the church had stuck to its first principles, it would be not only socialistic, but communistic to-day.

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MR. MULVIHILL is to be the new boss of the Jefferson Club. If so, for his own safety and cleanliness, he will have to get rid of the clique that has run the club since it became the stronghold of the Big Cinch and the gambling gang.

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#### *Gompers and The Socialists.*

A RECEIVER has been asked for the American Federation of Labor, because Samuel Gompers and others revoked the charter of a Socialist branch of the organization. If workingmen's organizations are to take to the habit of proscription and ostracism for political opinion they are doomed to destruction. If the workingman cannot be tolerant and catholic, he cannot win anything. President Gompers is a good man, but he is void of value to his cause, if it be true that he denies affiliation with that cause to men who only want to give to Unionism its logical direction and effect by the projection of the economic issue of labor into politics. Labor socialists are not physical force anarchists. They do not advocate lawlessness. They only assert that the State shall undertake the protection of the workingman and make him a partner as it makes the capitalist. Mr. Gompers is not to be blamed for conservatism, but for a radicalism that would abridge the rights of radicalism in the labor ranks.

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CELLA, who ruined racing, and corrupted politics, was deemed unfit for membership in New York's Metropolitan Turf Association. Applying for membership, on a strong hint of blackballing, he withdrew his name. Cella still controls six members of the St. Louis Democratic City Central Committee, and the police still have his photograph on file.

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#### *Marlowe and Shakespeare.*

A CORRESPONDENT writes that he has discovered the climax of all Shakespeareana lunacy, in a story entitled "The Dead Man's Chest," in the September issue of Appleton's *Booklovers Magazine*, in which the author, Herman Knickerbocker Viele, does not even give Bacon, the second aspirant to the honor of writing the Shakespearean plays, the credit of producing "Romeo and Juliet." Imagine the audacity of a man who writes a story in which Will Shakespeare and Francis Bacon go on a spree together, and the former has a fight, while the latter is made ill by his first pipe. When they get home they find the MSS. of "Romeo and Juliet" in Kit Marlowe's trunk, and have a spirited argument as to who shall sign it. Will Shakespeare finally agrees to sign it. Bacon is occupying the room of Kit Marlowe who has recently died. To the correspondent this seems a wilder guess at the authorship, than Bacon. But it isn't. Marlowe was the one man of the time who ranked with Shakespeare, from whom Shakespeare could possibly have stolen the immortal plays. The Marlowe theory is infinitely better than the Baconian theory, for Marlowe could and did write good poetry. Bacon couldn't. His poetry is about up to the grade of the verse on the comic valentines of to-day. Marlowe conceivably might have written the Shakespeare plays. No other Elizabethan can be fairly suspected. But Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. Ben Jonson said

so, and while Ben could write stiff and stuffy and pompous classical things, he knew great poetry when he saw it, and knew Will whom oft he met in wit-combat at the Mermaid, for its author. There is at least one novel, name forgotten, which deals with the Marlowe theory of the Shakespearean plays, and several essays maintain that thesis. Kit Marlowe was a great man. Shakespeare himself acknowledged him, and several times alludes to him in his plays. But Marlowe was such a great poet he would not have acknowledged only the worse plays he wrote, and leave the best to be claimed by another. If Marlowe had written any of the authenticated Shakespeare plays, he would have been proud of it. He wouldn't have left them in his trunk to be found after his death. Shakespeare is Shakespeare and no other. And if he is unknown outside his works, he is no more unknown thus than other men of fame in his time. Details are meager as to the life of most men in that great age, and especially men of letters.

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PRETTY soon we may expect an announcement that the railroads entering St. Louis have abolished the bridge arbitrary. They are working on it now, and their announcement may come before the re-assembling of the city's Terminal Commission.

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#### *Stone Sees the Drift.*

SENATOR STONE has called upon Governor Folk and the Fire Department was not called out to quench a conflagration in the State Capitol. Stone knows how the country people stand, and he stands with them. His swing around the circle of county fairs, old settlers' picnics and barbecues has not been without profit. Folk has the old machine licked to a stand-still and his own new machine in fine fighting trim. First thing we know, we shall behold the Democratic State Committee cleaning out the City Committee, ridding it of gambling, police and graft control.

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#### *Sequoyah.*

INDIAN TERRITORY is going ahead on the assumption that it will be made a State. It has chosen a pretty name—Sequoyah. The name will appeal to the true American sentiment. It is the name of an Indian, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. Congress is supposed to be fixed against separate Statehood for the Territory, but the supposition may be wrong. Sequoyah is a name that will rally the West against the East, where the opposition to the admission of Indian Territory is strongest. There's much in a name.

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#### *Fair Aftermath.*

ITS last kick has been made by the National Commission of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, against the local company. The Commission kicked too late. Criticism after the fact is of no value. Doubtless the Fair was badly managed in some respects, but of what avail is complaint now? Perhaps the Fair junk was sold for too little money. Maybe the Fair wasn't well advertised. All we want now is to have the junk taken away, and the Fair organization wound up. At present the Fair organization is only a protracted excuse for keeping President Francis in the public eye. Give us back a restored Forest Park, and close the incident, with as little as possible in the way of nasty aftermath of the Fair's undoubted splendor. Let's drop the Fair. We can't live as a community on the glories of the past, and we don't want any nauseous details. We must do something to show that the Fair was a real inspiration. We are in danger of falling into a sloth which will show that the



greatness of the Fair was due more to outside participation than to St. Louis initiative and energy.

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#### Doing Business

ALL the politicians in both the local parties who have been "breathing threatenings and slaughter" against each other in the pursuit of various feuds are now getting together. Colin Selph and Abram Frimberg of the Butler Club are homologating with Billy Flynn and Frank Klaiber, though there be no signs of truce between Tom Kinney and the late President of the Jefferson Club. In the Republican ranks Lou Aloe and Otto Stifel are on the way to a rapprochement. Senator Stone takes a cigar with Governor Folk. Johnnie Owens smiles pleasantly when he meets "Jep" Howe. The watchword is "Harmony." There will soon be Federal pie to be distributed among the Republicans. Democrats are looking forward to an election which will mean the control or the loss of a great many offices. All the fierce hatreds are mollifying on the principle of one of Dave Warfield's stories. Dave relates that there was once a Jew who went gunning for one of the Chosen People for having alienated his wife's affections. The man with the gun, in telling of his experience with the culprit said, "Und ven I pointed the revolver at his head he looked it all over and he asked me vot I wanted for it." "Did you kill him?" he was asked. He answered in disgust: "You can't kill a man vat wants to do peezeness mit you."

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THE whole Nation applauds Russia. But not we of St. Louis. Russia didn't participate to a satisfactory extent in our St. Louis World's Fair, and we can never forgive her. That's why David R. Francis invited the Japanese envoys to visit this city and ignored Witte and Rosen.

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#### Lawson's Little Scheme.

TOM LAWSON is getting up a copper pool. He wants the public to give him \$4,000,000 to gamble with in the stock market. Lawson has been called a business reformer. He is only a gambler. Gambling is not business, and it is not reform. Lawson is only a confidence man with a gift for writing red plush dope or bait. His finish will show the people again, and himself, possibly, strappd. He has been flourishing on publicity, and he will be found short of the goods at the show-down.

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## Anti-Commission Law

THE so-called Anti-tipping law, which went into effect in New York, September 1st, is really an anti-commission law. It does not forbid tips to waiters and others whom the recipients of their services would reward. These tips are purely voluntary, and a mere return for courtesy and fidelity, advantageous not less to their employers than to the recipients. They are not given for the purpose of corrupting the receiver, so far as concerns his duty to his employer.

So far from that, certain employers take tips into consideration in fixing the scale of wages which they pay. A waiter, for example, must depend on tips for a large part of the pay he gets. In some cases the opportunity for tips may be so rich that a servant is required to rely on them wholly for remuneration.

The purpose of the new law is expressed in the provision making these guilty of a misdemeanor:

"An agent, employee or servant, who, without the knowledge and consent of his principal, employer or master, requests or accepts a gift or gratuity or a promise to make a gift or to do an act beneficial to himself, under an agreement or with an understanding that he shall act in any particular man-

ner to his principal's, employer's, or master's business; or an agent, employee or servant who, being authorized to procure materials, supplies or other articles either by purchase or contract for his principal, employer or master, or to employ service or labor for his principal, employer or master, receives directly or indirectly, for himself or for another, a commission, discount or bonus from the person who makes such sale or contract, or furnishes such materials, supplies or other articles, or from a person who renders such service or labor, and any person who gives or offers such an agent, employee or servant such commission, discount or bonus."

The giving or promising such a commission or gratuity without the knowledge and consent of the employer is also a misdemeanor, and the penalty provided is a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$500 or both fine and imprisonment for not more than one year.

The act, says the New York *Sun*, unquestionably strikes at an evil which is corrupting a large part of the employed. The habit of demanding and getting commissions by servants and purchasing and employing agents is widespread. Of course, it takes the bloom off honesty. It destroys self-respect. It reduces those who acquire it to the level of a base servility. It is a nasty form of breach of trust.

Whether it can be stopped by this law is a very doubtful matter. Such a law, however, may give dealers a pretext for doing what they ought to have done without the law, that is, refusing absolutely to pay commissions to the dishonest servants who attempt to exact them.

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## Grover Cleveland's Wealth

LAST week the MIRROR called the *Globe-Democrat* to task for a paragraph, plainly referring to ex-President Cleveland, as follows:

President Diaz of Mexico is worth only one million dollars after a quarter century of office. The United States had one President who made more than twice that amount in one term of four years. But only one.

Now comes *Harper's Weekly* with a statement on this subject which we may presume to be authoritative, since Col. George Harvey, the head and front of the Harper concern, was a close friend and associate of all the moneyed men who, like Whitney, were identified with Mr. Cleveland while he was President, and after. The *Weekly* says:

After a considerable period of belief that Mr. Cleveland had become comparatively rich as the result of financial operations in association with his friend, Mr. E. C. Benedict, the banker, a story to the other extreme is now going the rounds to the effect that his income is only \$5,000 a year. The truth is that Mr. Cleveland's income from his investments is between \$8,000 and \$10,000, to which he adds an average of about \$3,000 by writing occasional essays for publication. He might have acquired a larger fortune, doubtless, but for the fact that he would never permit his bankers to buy or sell stocks on margins. Mr. Benedict, however, makes his few investments, and they are generally wise ones. Some years ago Mr. Cleveland had \$5,000 to spare, and Mr. Benedict obtained for him the right, which he availed himself of, to subscribe for the stock of a projected trust company. The knowledge that the former President was to become one of their shareholders inspired the promoters with a brilliant idea. After consultation they sought Mr. Benedict, and, through him, offered Mr. Cleveland the presidency of the company at a salary of \$50,000 a year. It was a legitimate undertaking, backed by reputable men, but Mr. Cleveland somewhat reluctantly declined, on the ground that he was unacquainted with the details of the business, and that the condition of his health would not permit of the severe application-requisite to effective service. Again he was urged to accept, with the assurance that his duties would be nominal, his mere official connection with the company being considered sufficient recompense for his remuneration. Mr. Cleveland replied simply that that would seem to him too much like selling the use of his name, which, of course, he could not do. That closed the incident.

No fair-minded person can deny that the para-

graph reads in thorough harmony with all that is best known of Mr. Cleveland's character, in its public and private manifestations.

There is a tradition in the West that Mr. Cleveland made a great deal of money out of the bond issues he was forced to authorize in order to meet financial conditions in the treasury during the depression culminating in the great silver year of 1896. There has never been vouchsafed the public a word of proof that Mr. Cleveland profited by any of the bond transactions. When war was made upon him for the letting of bonds to the Wall street capitalists, the next issue was offered to the people, and the bonds found their way to Wall street none the less. Mr. Cleveland has given no sign that he has, or ever had, more than twice one million dollars. On the contrary, all the indications point to the truth of the *Harper's Weekly* paragraph, that he has a wealth which represents just about what he might have put away out of his eight years' salary as President, his earnings between his two terms, and whatever he may have earned by his writing since. If he has \$10,000 per year, this would mean that he is worth possibly \$200,000.

Grover Cleveland was not the ideal president in many ways, but the story that he made more than two million dollars, is an atrocious falsehood. We have never had even one President that used the office to make money. That was not even urged against Grant, who was careless of the use of his name by some of his venal friends. Mr. Cleveland is not the kind of man who cares for money. He cares as little for it as does Roosevelt. If Cleveland had no other virtue, he was honest, and not guilty of simony in his Presidential pastorate of the nation.

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## Kindly Caricatures

(16) Thomas E. Mulvihill

HERE'S that doughty he who holds down the local "lid"—as Excise Commissioner. Looks frightened, eh? So'd you, with two thousand saloon men, and forty times that many thirsty-throated folks cursing you week days and Sundays. But he's game—even if he does look like a theological student who had unwittingly eaten a green persimmon. You'd look so, too, if you weren't sure of your salary. Yet he takes a drink, when he wants to, and a fairly stiff one. He's on the square, as the gang found out when he was prosecuting attorney. A good lawyer, too, is Thomas E. Mulvihill, and somewhat of a politician. He is to take the Presidency of the Jefferson Club, and the worst thing yet said of him is the approval of his selection by the late chief political grafter of that club. He's to be the new city boss. He will not be himself bossed by gamblers. He won't milk the police. He won't get an attorney's rake-off from each and every elected Democratic official. If he would, he couldn't: the slipping leader, who now patronizingly approves him, has sucked everything dry. Mr. Mulvihill is deemed "easy" by the gang. He'll fool 'em. He knows 'em. They'll fall in line with Folk in the City Committee and in the Jefferson Club or the floor will be pulled from under 'em. The caricaturist drew Mr. Mulvihill on Sunday, after a strenuous Saturday night, and hence has put much anti-lid feeling in his work, but Tom is really a cheerful sort. He is also President of the Knights of St. Patrick, which exculpates him of all suspicion of puritanical tendencies. He'll do his duty to the line, and keep the liquor business to the line, too. For the rest, he's liberal enough, not to be bluffed, or deceived by the pat on the back given him by the man he succeeds as leader. He won't be as immediately "popular" as his predecessor; he won't have the rake-off to buy it. The board is cleaned. He'll have a big element of his party hostile to the Folk policy. If he tries hard he may, in course of time, become as adept as the retiring boss in whip-sawing, double-





THOMAS E. MULVIHILL

*Kindly Caricatures No. 16.*

crossing, bull-doing, self-promoting, but we shouldn't expect too much of him in that direction. The outgoing boss goes with the money, with the interests. There's nothing left to make it worth Mulvihill's while to deceive, and betray, and flim-flam everybody

to keep himself at the top. No wonder the ex-cumtong leader puts a dash of the sardonic into his send-off for his successor. Mr. Mulvihill has come to the Dark Tower. What'll he do? Whatever he does, the liquor element will damn it. Other people may

approve, but they don't carry primaries. Pity poor Mr. Mulvihill a sitting on the lid of his party, for that lid is at white heat, and under it, clamoring for escape, "shapes hot from Tartarus," raging to raven and ruin his party.

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## The Romance of Tristan and Iseult

Drawn From the Best French Sources and Re-Told by J. Bedier: Translated Into  
English by Hilaire Belloc

### PART III.

#### I.

##### THE LITTLE FAIRY BELL.

WHEN Tristan had come back to Orri's hut and had loosened his heavy pilgrim's cape he saw clearly in his heart that it was time to keep his oath to King Mark and to fly the land.

Three days yet he tarried, because he could not drag himself away from that earth, but on the fourth day he thanked the woodman, and said to Gorvenal "Master, the hour is come."

And he went into Wales, into the land of the great Duke Gilain, who was young, powerful and frank in spirit, and welcomed him nobly as a god-sent guest.

And he did everything to give him honor and joy; but he found that neither adventure, nor feast could soothe what Tristan suffered.

One day, as he sat by the young Duke's side his spirit weighed upon him so that not knowing it he groaned, and the Duke, to soothe him, ordered into his private room, a fairy thing, which pleased his eyes when he was sad and relieved his own heart; it was a dog and the varlets brought it in to him and they put it upon a table there. Now this dog was a fairy dog, and came from the Duke of Avalon; for a fairy had given it him as a love-gift, and no one can well describe its kind or beauty. And it bore at its neck, hung to a little chain of gold, a little bell; and that tinkled so gaily, and so clear and so soft, that as Tristan heard it, he was soothed and his anguish melted away, and he forgot all that he had suffered for the Queen; for such was the virtue of the bell and such its property; that whosoever heard it, he lost all pain. And as Tristan stroked the little fairy thing, the dog that took away his sorrow, he saw how delicate it was and fine, and how it had soft hair like samite, and he thought how good a gift it would make for the Queen. But he dared not ask for it right out since he knew that the Duke loved this dog beyond everything in the world, and would yield it to no prayers, nor to wealth, nor to wile; so one day Tristan having made a plan in his mind said this:

"Lord, what would you give to the man who could rid your land of the hairy giant, Urgan, that levies such a toll?"

"Truly, the victor might choose what he would but none will dare."

Then said Tristan:

"Those are strange words, for good comes to no land save by risk and daring, and not for all the gold of Milan would I renounce my desire to fight him in his wood and bring him down."

Then Tristan went out to find Urgan in his lair and they fought hard and long, till courage conquered strength, and Tristan, having cut off the giant's hand, bore it back to the Duke.

And "Sire," said he, "since I may choose a reward according to your word, give me the little fairy dog. It was for that I conquered Urgan, and your promise stands."

"Friend," said the Duke, "take it, then, but in taking it you take away also all my joy."

Then Tristan took the little fairy dog and gave it in ward to a Welsh harper, who was cunning and who bore it to Cornwall till he came to Tintagel, and having come there put it secretly into Brangien's hands, and the Queen was so pleased that she gave ter-

marks of gold to the harper, but she put it about that the Queen of Ireland, her mother, had sent the beast. And she had a goldsmith work a little kennel for him all jewelled, and incrustated with gold and enamel inlaid; and wherever she went she carried the dog with her in memory of her friend, and as she watched it sadness and anguish and regrets melted out of her heart.

At first she did not guess the marvel, but thought her consolation was because the gift was Tristan's till one day she found that it was fairy, and that it was the little bell that charmed her soul; then she thought: "What have I to do with comfort since he is sorrowing. He could have kept it too and have forgotten his sorrow; but with high courtesy he sent it me to give me his joy and to take up his pain again. Friend, while you suffer, so long will I suffer also."

And she took the magic bell and shook it just a little, and then by the open window she threw it into the sea.

#### II.

##### ISEULT OF THE WHITE HANDS.

Apart the lovers could neither live nor die, for it was life and death together; and Tristan fled his sorrow through seas and islands and many lands.

He fled his sorrow still by seas and islands, till at last he came back to his land of Lyonesse and there Rohalt, the keeper of faith, welcomed him with happy tears and called him son. But he could not live in the peace of his own land, and he turned again and rode through kingdoms and through baronies, seeking adventure. From the Lyonesse to the Lowlands, from the Lowlands on to the Germanies, through the Germanies and into Spain. And many lords he served, and many deeds did, but for two years no news came to him out of Cornwall, nor friend, nor messenger. Then he thought that Iseult had forgotten.

Now it happened one day that, riding with Gorvenal alone, he came into the land of Brittany. They rode through a wasted plain of ruined walls and empty hamlets and burnt fields everywhere, and the earth deserted of men; and Tristan thought:

"I am weary, and my deeds profit me nothing; my lady is far off and I shall never see her again. Or why for two years has she made no sign, or why has she sent no messenger to find me as I wandered? But in Tintagel Mark honours her and she gives him joy, and that little fairy bell has done a thorough work; for little she remembers or cares for the joys and the mourning of old, little for me as I wander in this desert place. I, too, will forget."

On the third day, at the hour of noon, Tristan and Gorvenal came near a hill where an old chantry stood and close by a hermitage also; and Tristan asked what wasted land that was, and the hermit answered:

"Lord, it is Breton land which Duke Hoel holds and once it was rich in pasture and ploughland, but Count Riolf of Nantes has wasted it. For you must know that this Count Riolf was the Duke's vassal. And the Duke has a daughter, fair among all King's daughters, and Count Riolf would have taken her to wife; but her father refused her to a vassal, and Count Riolf would have carried her away by force. Many men have died in that quarrel."

And Tristan asked:

"Can the Duke wage his war?"

And the hermit answered:

"Hardly, my lord; yet his last keep of Carhaix holds out still, for the walls are strong, and strong is the heart of the Duke's son Kaherdin, a very good knight and bold; but the enemy surrounds them on every side and starves them. Very hardly do they hold their castle."

Then Tristan asked:

"How far is this keep of Carhaix?"

"Sir," said the Hermit, "it is but two miles further on this way."

Then Tristan and Gorvenal lay down, for it was evening.

In the morning, when they had slept, and when the hermit had chanted, and had shared his black bread with them, Tristan thanked him and rode hard to Carhaix. And as he halted beneath the fast high walls, he saw a little company of men behind the battlements, and he asked if the Duke were there with his son Kaherdin. Now Hoel was among them, and when he cried "yes," Tristan called up to him and said:

"I am that Tristan, king of Lyonesse, and Mark of Cornwall is my uncle. I have heard that your vassals do you a wrong, and I have come to offer you my arms."

"Alas, Lord Tristan, go you your way alone and God reward you, for here within we have no more food, no wheat, or meat, or any stores but only lentils and a little oats remaining."

But Tristan said:

"For two years I dwelt in a forest, eating nothing save roots and herbs; yet I found it a good life so open you the door."

They welcomed him with honour, and Kaherdin showed him the walls and the dungeon keep with all their devices and from the battlements he showed the plain where far away gleamed the tents of Duke Riolf. And when they were down in the castle again he said to Tristan:

"Friend, let us go to the hall where my mother and sister sit."

So, holding each other's hands, they came into the women's room, where the mother and the daughter sat together weaving gold upon English cloth and singing a weaving song. They sang of Doette the fair who sits alone beneath the white-thorn, and round about her blows the wind. She waits for Doon, her friend, but he tarries long and does not come. This was the song they sang. And Tristan bowed to them, and they to him. Then Kaherdin showing the work his mother did, said:

"See, friend Tristan, what a work-woman is here and how marvellously she adorns stoles and chasubles for the poor minsters, and how my sister's hands run thread of gold upon this cloth. Of right, good sister, are you called 'Iseult of the white hands.'"

But Tristan, hearing her name, smiled and looked at her more gently.

And on the morrow, Tristan, Kaherdin, and twelve young knights left the castle and rode to a pinewood near the enemy's tents. And sprang from ambush and captured a wagon of Count Riolf's food and from that day, by escapade and ruse, they would carry tents and convoys and kill off men, nor ever come back without some booty; so that Tristan and Kaherdin began to be brothers in arms, and kept faith and tenderness, as history tells. And as they came back from these rides, talking chivalry together, often did Kaherdin praise to his comrade his sister, Iseult of the White Hands, for her simplicity and beauty.

One day, as the dawn broke, a sentinel ran from the tower through the halls, crying:

"Lords, you have slept too long; rise, for an assault is on."

And Knights and Burgesses armed, and ran to the walls, and saw helmets shining on the plain and pennons streaming crimson, like flames, and all the host of Riolf in its array. Then the Duke and Kaherdin deployed their horsemen before the gates,

and from a bow-length off they stooped, and spurred and charged, and they put their lances down together and the arrows fell on them like April rain.

Now Tristan had armed himself among the last of those the sentinel had roused, and he laced his shoes of steel, and put on his mail, and his spurs of gold, his hauberk, and his helm over the gorget, and he mounted and spurred, with shield on breast, crying:

"Carhaix!"

And as he came, he saw Duke Riolf charging, rein free, at Kaherdin, but Tristan came in between. So they met, Tristan and Duke Riolf. And at the shock Tristan's lance shivered, but Riolf's lance struck Tristan's horse just where the breast-piece runs, and laid it on the field.

But Tristan, standing, drew his sword, his burnished sword, and said:

"Coward! Here is death ready for the man that strikes the horse before the rider."

But Riolf answered:

"I think you have lied, my lord."

And he charged him.

And as he passed, Tristan let fall his sword so heavily upon his helm that he carried away the crest and the nasal, but the sword slipped on the mailed shoulder, and glanced on the horse, and killed it, so that of force Duke Riolf must slip the stirrup and leap and feel the ground. Then Riolf too was on his feet, and they both fought hard in their broken mail, their 'scutcheons torn and their helmets loosened and lashing with their dented swords, till Tristan struck Riolf just where the helmet buckles and it yielded and the blow was struck so hard that the baron fell on hands and knees; but when he had risen again, Tristan struck him down once more with a blow that split the helm, and it split the head-piece too, and touched the skull; then Riolf cried mercy and begged his life, and Tristan took his sword.

So he promised to enter Duke Hoel's keep and to swear homage again, and to restore what he had wasted; and by his order the battle ceased, and his host went off discomfited.

Now when the victors were returned Kaherdin said to his father:

"Sire, keep you Tristan. There is no better knight, and your land has need of such courage."

So when the Duke had taken counsel with his barons, he said to Tristan:

"Friend, I owe you my land, but I shall be quit with you if you will take my daughter, Iseult of the White Hands, who comes of Kings and of Queens, and of Dukes before them in blood."

And Tristan answered:

"I will take her, Sire."

So the day was fixed, and the Duke came with his friends and Tristan with his, and before all, at the gate of the minister, Tristan wed Iseult of the White Hands, according to the Church's law.

But that same night, as Tristan's valets undressed him, it happened that in drawing his arm from the sleeve they drew off and let fall from his finger the ring of green jasner, the ring of Iseult the Fair. It sounded on the stones, and Tristan looked and saw it. Then his heart awoke and he knew that he had done wrong. For he remembered the day when Iseult the Fair had given him the ring. It was in that forest where, for his sake, she had led the hard life with him, and that night he saw again the hut in the Wood of Morois, and he was bitter with himself that ever he had accused her of treason; for now it was he that had betrayed, and he was bitter with himself also in pity for this new wife and her simplicity and beauty. See how these two Iseults had met him in an evil hour, and to both had he broken faith!

Now Iseult of the White Hands said to him hearing him sigh:

"Dear Lord, have I hurt you in anything? Will you not speak me a single word?"

But Tristan answered: "Friend, do not be angry

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with me; for once in another land I fought a foul dragon and was near to death, and I thought of the Mother of God, and I made a vow to Her that should I ever wed, I would spend the first holy nights of my wedding in prayer and in silence."

"Why," said Iseult, "that was a good vow."

And Tristan watched through the night.

(To be concluded.)

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## The Auto Here and Abroad

M R. HARRY S. TURNER, JR., the well-known automobile man, arrived home Friday. Mr. Turner has been in Europe for the past three months studying foreign automobile conditions, and while over there attended the Gordon Bennett automobile races. In reply to a question, Mr. Turner said that he believed America was ahead of Europe in automobile manufacture, as well as in every other line of manufacturing.

"A man asked me this morning," he said, "if we did not have something to learn from the French and German manufacturers. I replied that, on the contrary, I thought they had a whole lot to learn from us. I went to Europe with my mind made up to buy either F. I. A. T. or Mercedes cars, and I took a well-known American machine with me in order that I might have it for purposes of comparison. I did not bring back any foreign machines for the very simple reason that I found them inferior to my car in point of speed, and simply not in it on hill climbing, while they were far noisier in operation. I also found out something about French methods of doing business which was not to my liking. When an American dealer, for in-

stance, learns of a prospective customer for a car, he goes to him, presents the good points of his machine, and endeavors to effect a sale. The Frenchman, on the other hand, works on entirely different lines. When a prospective purchaser is located, a system of bribery is immediately put into effect,—the chauffeur, the valet, even the housemaid, is 'seen.' Friends of the prospective victim are 'approached,' too, but the dealer always keeps in the background. A 'victim' is influenced in this way until he finally goes to call on the dealer in an humble attitude, and feels under obligations if he is given as much as a trial of the machine he is to buy. The dealer in the meantime assumes a high and lofty don't-care sort of a manner, and finally accepts an order under pressure, for a chassis he was going to ship to W. K. Vanderbilt, but which he will let Mr. Blank have, at a slight advance.

"Of course, such methods as these could not succeed in the United States, but it does very well in Paris. In the first place, the French ask ridiculous prices for their cars (to Americans) and the profit is enormous. For instance, the chassis of a Charron-Girardot & Voight car of 30 horse-power will cost about 40,000 francs, or \$8,000, in Paris. Mind you, this is for the chassis alone, which means only frame, running gear and motor, and does not include tires, body, lamps, tools, horn, all of which are not mentioned until the sale is made, possibly, and then Mr. Buyer has to have them.

"I visited, while abroad, the factories of Clement, Renault, Panhard and C. G. V. in Paris, and the Mercedes plant at Cannstadt, Germany. I saw crank shafts being sawed out of solid blanks of steel in one of these factories. They positively did not know how to forge a shaft. I found a great deal of American machinery in all the foreign factories, but Ameri-



can methods in none of them. I went abroad believing that American automobiles were as good as French ones; I have come back knowing that the best American car is better than the best French car from tires to spark-plugs. The American induction coils and batteries are better, the American frames are lighter and are certainly strong enough, and our bodies are pressed steel,—theirs, wood or cast aluminum, weighing much more, and neither so strong or so durable. A Frenchman said to me, with the usual shrug of the shoulders, 'But you can only produce steel of a tensile strength of 60,000 pounds, while we have steel of 100,000 pounds tensile strength,' and he really believed it. As a matter of fact, the best manufacturers in this country are employing a special formula of steel made by the United States Steel Co., which has a tensile strength of over 200,000 pounds to the square inch.

"The most surprising thing to me, however, was the great number of electric broughams in use in Paris and London. I should have supposed that the Frenchman would have confined himself to the gasoline motor even for town carriages, but such is not the case, and one sees thousands of handsome electric broughams and landaulettes on the streets. It seems to be considered more fashionable to use the electric town carriage, and reserve the gasoline car for touring and country runs.

"The Gordon Bennett race? It was most interesting to watch, but of little value to a student of automobile construction. The winner, for instance, builds the cheapest touring car in France, and one whose reputation is anything but enviable, whereas the Mercedes, who had six cars entered, and consequently six chances to any one else's one, failed utterly to make a decent showing, just as they did in the Vanderbilt race here last year, so what does it prove,—that the Richard-Brasier is a good car and the Mercedes a poor one? I think not. Richard, by the way, is a great racing car designer, he having designed the Mors racing car that did so well in France two years ago. Here is another case of a good racing machine and a poor touring car. The Mors touring car is more of a joke than anything else in France, and one seldom sees one on the road. Then, again, every one who has familiarized himself with the subject at all, knows that the Darracq falls a long ways short of being a top notcher, yet that car wins the Ardennes Circuit and defeats three of France's best drivers on Panhards of high power. How do I account for it? Simply that in factories given over to produce freak racers, the touring car is neglected.

"I see there have been some serious accidents to racing cars in track races here in the last few weeks, and that in all probability the end of track racing is near at hand, which is well. Let the manufacturers race the fully equipped touring cars in road races of a hundred miles or over, and accidents will cease and the public will be able to learn something of the respective merits of the cars they are buying."

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## Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny Wren:

YOU will not be surprised at all, dumpling, when I tell you that lively doings are expected in the Woman's Club this fall. I don't mean smart society functions, either, Jane, but I do mean trubbul—honey, yuh ole Uncle Lish kin see it comin'.

I hear an unofficial committee of prominent members who are at Weq-ue met in solemn session on one of the back porches, the other morning, when nobody knew it, and where no profane eye could rest, and went into the thing heavily,—with no results. Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Clymer, who is on one of the big committees; Mrs. Edgar Tilton, and some others sat in the council. Jane, there's something funda-

mentally wrong with that outfit. They don't work together, the members don't. You see, darling, they organized the club, Mrs. Blair did, two years ago, as a kind of offshoot from the Board of Lady Managers because, forsooth, the latter hadn't a shadow of excuse for existence—and never did have, as you well know. Mrs. Blair, who is an astute woman, knew when the World's Fair men didn't appropriate any money for the board, that the board would become a joke—and right she was. So as she simply had to have some place and some thing whereby her social energies might find outlet and, I don't mind telling you privately, where she might shine as befitted her standing, and lo! the club was born. Nobody then could foresee what terrible disaster would befall its founder, but the club was there, a whole lot of wealthy women had put up their checks, and the thing had to go on. World's Fair entertaining was announced to be the *raison d'être*, but, bosh and moonshine! The amount of that which went on—except those affairs which were given by individual members, isn't worth mentioning. Actually, darling, no less than a half dozen members have at times told me that they didn't even know all the officers of the club. You see, Mrs. Francis was sick a long time last winter, and I don't think she honestly cares two straws about the whole thing, anyway, and, except for hard-working Mrs. Hardaway, and equally energetic Mrs. Norris Gregg, and little Mrs. Kotany, the staff is known only by sight. And, Jane, they do such queer things—they don't seem to get the "mixer" idea at all, which father says is the only way to make a big social club go. Of course, I don't pretend to know anything about it, and you know they won't let in young girls—unless you happen to have as much money as Nelly Niedringhaus, who is never home, and so can't ever have a finger in the pie, as she'd surely want to have, for she's the progressivest girl in town, Jane, and that's no dream—more on the genuine bachelor order than anybody in our set—well, where was I? Oh, yes, you see the Woman's Club isn't out for a literary showing like the Wednesday Club, nor for a concert appearance, like the Morning Choral, and so when you make sociability your chief end and aim, you've got to be sociable or miss out. Jane, it's too funny for any earthly use, the way some of those women refused the hurdle last year—they just simply would not hump themselves and rush around and get acquainted with all the new members—who were in it because the club

needed their money, and who hadn't waked up to that fact—but, by golly! they've waked up this summer, and if there isn't some tall sprinting along the road of acquaintance when the club gets down to work this fall, there is going to be a startling array of vacant chairs. For such a lack of tact, Jane, in the management of that club, has ne'er been seen before, at least, not since your ownest ducky has been grown up. It's positively funny, if it weren't so pathetic—let me tell you one or two instances. One rich woman who has recently built a magnificent mansion in a "place" was, late last winter, approached on the club subject by a member whom she knew pretty well. The member urged her to join, and when the rich woman demurred, saying she didn't know more than one or two in the club, and didn't think she'd find the set congenial—for you know, dearest, a certain set does things all its own sweet way in this club—and the way is all right, as far as it goes, only it stops too suddenly—the member told her with many expressions of exuberance, that the club in general was just dying to welcome her, and that the cosy afternoon teas, when men sometimes dropped in at five if they were properly introduced by their wives or their sisters, were the very times to broaden her acquaintance. The rich woman listened, and finally said she'd take the plunge. She sent her check for a hundred and fifty, and one fine day put on her best clothes and sallied forth to some kind of an art lecture, which was being given at the club. Well, Jane, to cut a long story short, she said "Howdy do" to three officers, none of whom knew her name, met three more members who gave her the stony stare,—two of them have husbands who have been her own hubby's bitterest enemies all his business life—and as the sponsor was sick and couldn't come that day, she had a nice, jolly time, now, didn't she? But she is game as the dickens, and that one failure never feazed her. Not long after she tried again, and, Jane, now I'm telling you the sober truth, she went seven times to one thing and another—so she told me before sailing for Europe the first of July, and she knows the same three officers to speak to, and four other officers and directors by sight—she has met about a dozen members in all—none of whom has evinced the slightest interest in her, and she has never once been approached in a friendly manner by anybody in authority, and made to feel "one of 'em," you know the way we all like. She will drop out this fall, and her nice fat check will not be among

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those present when the treasurer foots up the balance, and who on earth is going to blame her?

The whole matter in a nutshell, Jane, is that one certain little set wants to run that club, and is jealous as—Methusalem—or whoever was that old duffer that kicked up such a row once—of their bloomin' authority. Why, Jane, every time you go to the club the same old gang is pouring tea or doing the walking delegate act or something like that—why, they don't ever invite the new members to take some active part is to me a very short-sighted piece of business. It just makes me mad, too, for some of the members are such pretty women, and they never are put out in front where they would loom up and do the club proud—I just hope and cross my fingers, Jane, that the very first afternoon musicale or morning dance, or whatever that social club which is the least social institution in town, expects to give this winter, they'll have gumption enough to put Edna Boggs Kavanaugh, Margaret Griffiths Drummond, Carrie Cook Prectorius, Laura Harrison Hoblitzelle, Emma Furbeck Elliott, and some more pretty women who have never been given anything to do, on the show committee—just let 'em stand round and do the agreeable—they know how all right enough, while another committee which has never had anything to get busy about, might be made up of Mrs. Lewis C. Nelson, Mrs. John Roberts, Mrs. Edward Cowdery, Mrs. Hanford Crawford, Mrs. Charles Cox, Mrs. Paul Brown, Mrs. Firmin Desloge, Mrs. James Brynes and Mrs. John W. Harrison, and most important of all, Mrs. Dan Nugent, who has spent more money on private entertaining in the club, than any other member,—who are fully capable of assuming some social responsibilities when it comes to pink teas and bridge-whist luncheons. But, Jenny, dearest, you can't make a club woman any more than you can a gentleman, unless you begin with her grandmother. Something ails that last figure of speech, but you're so clever you will straighten it out properly, I am sure. But let me just tell you one thing before we get off the street car, that if the Woman's Club don't look sharp, some of these bright mornings a smart organizer will float this way and whip a woman athletic club into line in about five minutes, and corral every one of their rich members, except the gang, that's my prediction, Jane.

Mary Pangborne, Mrs. Bob Sturgeon and Mrs. Cora Baker Chouteau trio-ed down to the Virginia resorts the last few weeks. I hear they swept everything before them—very good looking bunch, eh? And such lots of style. I am surprised that Mary is still heart whole and fancy free—but, perhaps she is only affecting a gay manner to cover a deep wound—I always supposed her hard hit over Doctor Le-wald—though how that could be is beyond my comprehension. I mean for a spirited, up-to-date girl like herself who has seen a good deal, to even get up more than a passing interest in that prize package of German conceit, but perhaps she was out for the coin—only the doctor hasn't got much, I'm told.

Paul Finney is engaged to a young girl that I don't think you knew except by hearsay, Edith Dustin is her name, she is a pianist, and plays astonishingly well, for an amateur, so I hear—she goes to all those Union Musical doings, and is very classic, I mean in musical matters. Paul is classic, too, in respect to his features—I don't know a better-looking nose, but I wish he'd get over that awfully-bored-don't-you-know veneer that he has acquired, it doesn't sit well with his tender years. It may only be too many cigarettes; however, most blase real young men work out of it when they take to a real nasty old black pipe.

Stella Schneider is visiting that cousin of the



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## The Slowest Laundry

WHY we have NO AGENTS is because the most linen brought to AGENTS is so DIRTY that we would not handle them WITH such garments as we aunder. We only take work from private individuals who live at their homes or in hotels or clubs. Such linen is NEVER dirty, but slightly soiled or mussed. AGENCY linen is usually worn by people who must make two or three garments last them a whole week. The SLOWNESS of our laundry makes it NOT useful for any one who has not linen enough to last more than a WEEK.

Busches, Lily Kluhn, who is going to marry an Italian nobleman this month—the Busches are staying for the wedding, and are endeavoring not to let their bereavement overshadow the wedding joys. The little Kluhn is a fat dumpling, very blonde, and quite lively. She spent the winter here, last year, and the Busches did a whole lot for her; she was a splendid foil for Minnie.

If all the rumored divorces come to pass, Jane, the courts will do a land-office business this fall. I trust they are only rumors, however. One is an oft-repeated story of a Hortense place beauty who has tired of her rich husband, the third son of a very wealthy family. She is East now. Another is a rich manufacturer's daughter, married several years ago to a spendthrift young man who has about finished his inheritance—she is gone home to her father with her two children, and he is now out West. And a third is the step-daughter of a lawyer who married a young man from the rural districts last spring, and doesn't appear to relish her bargain, for she is in town half the time with the husband still plowing corn or gathering eggs or something.

I hear there are large doings in the sentimental line between Irene Critchfield, the singer, and George Dobyn, who does some kind of musical stunts also, I believe.

The weddings are as yet in abeyance, so far as society is concerned. Ruth Spencer is getting a gorgeous trousseau—nearly everything from Paris.

Jane, rush that box of gloves, will you, and don't let me hear another word from you concerning Irene Catlin. She's all right, but we don't want it thrown into our teeth all the time that she's the only St. Louis girl who stacks up over on your side; so there!

Yours affy,

BLUE JAY.

## The Grass-Green Maid

By Alice Brown

THERE was once a maid who fell in love with a man, and finding that he had also fallen in love with her, went straightway to her mother and told her about it.

"Then, my dear," said her mother, "let me tell you something which is the one thing that will be of use to you if you want him to keep on loving you."

"Tell me," said the maid, "but do it quickly; for he is in the garden and I must run back to him. We are going to spend our lives together, and therefore I must not lose a minute."

The mother set down the strawberries she was hulling, and took her daughter by the hand.

"Do not look out into the garden," she said. "Look here at me. There is one thing you must not tell him."

But the maid had twisted her head about, and was looking over her shoulder toward the garden.

"There is one thing you must not tell him," said her mother again.

The maid laughed.

"I shall tell him everything," said she. "But what is it?—and be quick."

The mother pulled her by the wrist and then by a braid of her hair, until she bent her head.

"Do you want to whisper?" asked the maid. "Can't it be said out loud?"

But the mother whispered, and then the maid laughed.

"Why," said she, "that is the thing I shall tell him first of all."

"I forbid you to tell him," said her mother, quite sternly, and the maid was alarmed.

"Does everybody tell?" she asked.

"Everybody."

"Did you tell my father?"

"Yes, I told him."



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We want every boy to be at school on time. From now till school opens we will give with every Suit bought for \$5.00 or more, a genuine Yankee Watch, warranted for one year.

**Boys' Caps**—Made of all-wool casimeres, worsteds and cheviots—new golf shapes—silk lined—worth 50c—School Sale Price .....25c

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## B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.,

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and St. Charles Street.

"There, you see!" said the maid, smiling. "Nothing happened."

"Oh, yes," said her mother. "He went away to sea."

"Did my aunt tell my uncle?" asked the maid.

"Yes, I am sure she told him."

"How are you sure?"

"Because he ran away and married a girl on the coast of Africa. She could not speak his language."

"Well," said the maid, doubtfully, "I will not tell him."

So her mother let go her hair, and she ran back into the garden. For a long time she lived in the garden and there was moonlight every night, and a nightingale sang. And she was so happy that, by and by, one night when there were two nightingales singing and the moon was shining in the water, she forgot her promise and told him. And immediately the garden was dark and the nightingales stopped singing, and she heard only the man's footsteps going away. Then she covered her face with her hair, and went in to her mother, weeping bitterly.

"Have you told him?" asked her mother, looking up from the stocking she was knitting.

"Yes," sobbed the maid, "I have told him."

"I knew you would. Now get your spinning-wheel out and go to work."

"But it whirs very loudly," said the weeping maid. "I might not hear him coming back."

"You can't hear him anyway," said her mother, snipping a thread, "because he won't come."

And he never did come. The maid sat spinning for several years. And at first she cried day and night. But finally she cried at night only, and then she did not cry at all. That gave her more time from her spinning, and she went into the garden, where she found a man who immediately loved her very much. She loved him almost as quickly, and she left him talking about it and ran in to tell her mother.

"There!" said her mother, quite pleasantly, looking up from the peas she was shelling. "I thought something fine would happen when you were old enough to deserve it. Now remember, this time, there is one thing you must not tell him."

"I shall remember," said the maid sadly. "I shall not tell."

Then she went back into the garden and talked about a great many interesting things; but of this thing, though, curiously enough, the man asked her about it, she did not breathe a word. So she kept on living in the garden, and the moon seemed to shine all the time, just as it used to, and the nightingales had learned all the old songs. And nobody was ever so glad as the man to look and listen with her.

He even seemed to look farther than she did, and to listen harder. But one night he could not look or listen at all. He only put his head on the maid's shoulder and said:

"I am tired, and my heart is heavy."

Then, because he seemed to her like a very little boy, and she thought that was the way to lighten a little boy's heart, she opened her lips and told him the thing she must not tell. The man took his head off her shoulder and sat up straight and strong.

"Really?" he said. "That's very curious." Then he pulled out his watch. "I almost forgot," said he. "I have to meet a man to-night."

So he walked away in great haste, whistling, and the maid, with bowed head, went in to her mother.

"Has he gone?" asked her mother, looking up from the shroud she was making.

The maid bent her head lower and did not speak.

"Did you tell him?"

"Yes, mother, I told him."

"Did the nightingale stop singing and the moon go into a cloud?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then he will not come back. Get out your spinning-wheel and go to work. But work slowly, if you like, for you will have to work all your life."

The maid got out her spinning-wheel and began to work, neither fast nor slow, but paying great heed to her thread. She could do it better now, because she did not cry any more, and so her sight was clearer. And when she had spun for several years, her thread all the time growing finer and finer, there came a man who knew a great deal about threads. He put his hand on her shoulder and said kindly:

"Come with me. I have many sheep and flax-fields, and you shall spin all day long."

So the maid arose and went with him, because she thought that was the thing to do, if she meant to keep on spinning threads. And one day when she sat in his courtyard, spinning, her mother came in, leaning on a staff, and looking older than anything that is.

"My eyes are failing me," she said. "Is that the sunlight on your hair, or is it a crown of gold?"

"Gold," said the woman, forming the word with her lips.

"My touch must be failing me. Is that silk you have on, or linen, very smooth and soft?"

"Silk," said the woman.

"Did he give them to you?"

The woman nodded.

"He must be very rich."

The woman nodded again.

The mother set her lips to her daughter's ear and whispered:

## Every Woman

DEPENDS ON THE FLOUR FOR GOOD BREAD—

Of course, there's the knack of mixing and kneading, but the basic principle is the Flour. Poor quality will not produce good bread. To get the best results to make bread like mother used to make, you must use the best Flour, and that is "ULTIMATE" BRAND. It never fails. "ULTIMATE" is made from the best selected wheat by the most improved processes, under the supervision of expert millers. The Bread it makes creates bone and muscle. It is sweet, wholesome, nourishing. Remember, good Bread is the staff of life, and should always be made of

## "Ultimate" Flour

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"Does he stay at home all day?"

"All day long," said the daughter. And she sighed.

The mother put her lips closer.

"Have you told him?" she whispered.

"No, mother, I have not told him. I do not know of anything to tell."

"Speak louder," said the mother. "My ears must be failing me."

But the woman smiled at her, and went on spinning. And her thread grew very soft and fine.

From September Harper's Magazine.

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## Frauds on the Run

SOME of the investment bond companies whose business methods are under criticism in the MIRROR, are going to move their headquarters to Chicago. The postal inspectors are after them here, and the Grand Jury will take up the matter soon, if not shunted off. Fraud isn't a geographical crime. The companies will still operate in the United States. The dope this week on the North American scheme is nothing to what's available on the Colonial, both of which have now merged into one company.

## Letters From the People

## THE UNTELLABLE SECRET.

Jefferson City, Mo., Aug. 28, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Alice Brown's fable, "The Grass Green Maid," in September Harper's—look it up. What was it the grass green maid was not to tell? These fables or allegories or parables that leave you up in the air make me tired. Explain, Mr. Editor and oblige.

A GRASS GREEN MAID.

(We shan't do any such thing. The story is reproduced in this issue. We are sorry and yet glad for the correspondent who admits her ignorance. But she won't be happy till she knows what it was the maid should not have told—and then she'll be just like the maid of the parable—Ed. MIRROR.)

## MELVIL DEWEY'S CASE.

Chicago, Aug. 28, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

With regard to Melvil Dewey item in your issue of recent date may I suggest that as in many cases there is more than one side to this matter. And the saddest side of it all is that New York will be deprived of the services of the man who has more than any other, probably, led the libraries of this country to be so much more than mere collections of books.

To an almost remarkable degree Mr. Dewey has been gifted with a spirit of prophecy as regards the library movement. But unfortunately he is not a politician, and lacks all the gentler arts of not saying what he believes or knows even tho' political power would be appeased by a more artful statement of things. Hence it is that even what mistakes have been made by Mr. Dewey have been utilized to the full and more. The Jew incident, which has been much misinterpreted, merely provided a spectacular opportunity for the enemy.

This is sent for your information only, though there would be no objection to publication without signature attached.

JUST AND FAIR.

## INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 24, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Week before last you recommended a book, "How to Invest Money," to a correspondent. I can't find the book. Can't you put me in the way to get it?

SAVINGSOME.

(Our mistake. The book is "The Art of Wise Investing," price \$1 net. Another book is "Speculation, a Science," by George McLean Irwin, price, 50 cents. Both published by the Moody corporation, 35 Nassau street New York.—Ed. MIRROR.)

## BOND INVESTMENT CURIOSITIES.

New York, Aug. 27, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I notice in the last number of the "Mirror" a significant suggestion about bond investment companies. I am an investor in one in a small way because I found that the only thing to do after having started in it was to go on with it and trust to persistence and the letter of the bond in winning out. It is a most unmitigated fraud on investors, amounting in point of fact to robbery. It was a long time before I could force the company to acknowledge that the statements it made to get my business were not to be relied upon, and that the language on the back of its bond was meaningless, except in that it gave color to the representations of the agent while, in fact, denying them. The mischief that is caused by the North American Investment Company is due to the fact that it uses the State of Missouri as backer of its enterprise. I enclose a circular which will show you how they work the Missouri deposit theory. The circular will give you the language of the Statutes of Missouri, which, I understand, is the only one of the Statutes which refers to anything of the kind. You will see from its wording that it is not a deposit in the ordinary sense of the word, as it permits of any kind of paper being put up, and it is not a security for the investor as there is no law to require the State to protect the investor. It is true that the word "protection" is used in the law, but you will see that it is very craftily put in, and does not mean anything except to convey a deceptive idea of protection. There is no doubt in my mind but that the North American Investment Company is receiving money from a great many sources, and there

is not one single shadow of protection for the people who put their money with them, and there is no reason why the money received by them should not be spent any way they wish.

I mail you to-day also a circular which the North American Investment Company send out. On page 10 of this circular you will see that the State Treasurer of Missouri is used to buttress this proposition. The company cannot repudiate the representations of its agents. Nobody particularly believes an agent when he makes investment bond representations, but when he clinches what he says with documents from the Treasurer of the State of Missouri, showing that the company is valid and that it complies with the laws, and that the securities are worth any day from 5 to 10 per cent more than their face value, and that the State Treasurer of Missouri recommends the company to any person seeking an investment, and that the alleged deposit with the Treasurer is a guarantee to investors, and that the Company is amply provided to take care of all monies entrusted to it, the doubtful investor has all doubts cleared away. If the company is good and sound, everything is all right, but, as you said about the Lewis Bank, if it isn't a fake, it has all the ear marks of a fake.

INVESTOR.

## A PAROCHIAL SCHOOL MAN.

St. Louis, Aug. 30th, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Have you ever thought of the baneful influence that the Catholic parochial schools are exerting?

The school keep apart one class of people from another, instead of welding them together, as should be our aim. What we need in our blessed country is amalgamation of all classes, so that we will all think and feel alike about our country. The public schools were wisely established to help to blend our promiscuous population, so that all kinds of people, regardless of religious differences, may learn to know and respect each other. The Parochial school rears up a barrier instead. Take the Russian Japanese war as a case in point, while every American was filled with joy that at last Medeval Russia had at last found a chastising hand, we find the Catholics, on the contrary, sympathizing with the Russians! In the Philippine Islands as well as Cuba and Porto Rica—you will find by consulting our archives that the conspiracies now going on against our government are inspired from this country by Catholics. What do the Romanists mean to accomplish anyway by their schools. Have they succeeded in turning out a superior product? I think not, compare the prominent men who do things and who every one of them are public school graduates with the spoon of the Parochial. In fact take a few leaves from our recent history, who were the assassins of our President from Mrs. Surratt and her son who were hung for the murder of our Sainted Lincoln to that degenerate Czolgoose who so shamefully assassinated our much beloved McKinley, and you will find them all the product of Catholic ethics! If the public schools are good enough for the balance of our citizens they certainly ought to be satisfactory to the Catholics. I wish to add that unfortunately I am parochial school man myself and see how I am handicapped in the race for life. Respectfully,

FRANCIS P. SANDERS.

(Mr. Sanders is a bad logician. If he be indeed a parochial school man, he ought to chop logic better than he does. The Catholics of the country do not sympathize with Russia. Nor are Catholic leaders here in conspiracies against us in the Philippines and Cuba. "Romanist" schools do not turn out a superior product, if Mr. Sanders be of that product. The assassins of Lincoln and of McKinley certainly did not kill as Catholics. Mr. Sanders, in addition to being a bad logician is probably a fibber, for no Catholic, however he may apostacize, ever uses the word "Romanist" for Roman Catholics. That is a word used only by those fed early upon anti-Catholic prejudice. The public schools do surpass the Catholic schools in the quality of product, but we are quite sure that Mr. Sanders' orthography is not Catholic spelling.—Ed. MIRROR.)

\*\*\*

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## Theatricals

MANTELL'S CROOK-BACK.

BY D. R.

Robert B. Mantell may not be the successor of Edwin Booth, may not even approach in magnitude the star Mansfield, nevertheless he has proven himself a tragedian of worthy achievement in those of the classics he has essayed at the Olympic this week. The erstwhile fascinating hero of melodrama gave an excellent performance of "Richard III." last Sunday night. It was a finished performance in every respect. It revealed to us a new Mantell, broader, deeper, more sincere and studious. Perhaps few who witnessed his triumph as the leering, lustful, cruel, dissembling cripple, *Gloster*, had ever dreamed of him in such exalted station, but they were not slow to do him honor.

Mr. Mantell may not be a great actor in the fullest sense of the adjective, but it is safe to say that of the many *Richards* that have been seen here none is greater than his. Master of facial grimace, and the arts of make-up, possessor of the deep musical and resounding voice so necessary in such parts, he presents *Richard III.* at once repulsive and fascinating. He accentuates, as none of his predecessors has done, the deformities of the designing despot and all the little tricks of the wily *Gloster*, even to the incessant fingering of his rings and sword-hilt, he brings into play, revealing careful research and preparation. One thing he seems to lack that is necessary to more lasting fame, and that is the magnetic or psychic quality. Yet at times there is a spark of such a force in him, like a flash in the pan. That is not altogether lacking is evidenced by the warmth of the audience's applause and its rapt attention in the tragic situations.

The supporting company is capable and helpful, as a rule. Miss Marie Booth Russell as *Lady Ann* is a pleasing actress, queenly of appearance, but somewhat lacking in spirit and voice.

Miss Emily Dodd, as *Queen Elizabeth*, does excellent work, and is especially effective in that somber scene, the parting with the little doomed princes in the Tower.

Harry Leighton is an intelligent and virile *Richmond*, and Harry Hollingsworth as *Buckingham*, while satisfying, reveals a limitation of spirit at times.

Two precocious youngsters, Leila and Lorraine Frost, are exceedingly clever as the *Duke of York* and *Prince of Wales* respectively.

The other minor parts are suitably filled, and the company is capably handled to get the best results in the scenes requiring the presence of large numbers of persons. The Bosworth-field battle scene reveals the practiced hand of William A. Brady, under whose management the Mantell tour is being made. The clash of the contending forces of *Richmond* and *Gloster* is realistic in the extreme—a fitting conclusion to an artistic performance.

Somewhat like a new attraction does "The Tenderfoot" appear at the Century this week. Perhaps the illusion is due to the new faces in the cast. At any rate, the opening of the Century season with this now familiar comic opera was a success. While it cannot be said that all the members of the company are the equals of predecessors in the various parts, they give a first-class performance as a whole, and the vehicle of entertainment is of the sort that pleases St. Louis theater-goers. Oscar Figman is equally as funny as Mr. Carle as *Prof. Pettibone*, and Miss Ruth White's singing and comedy in the part of *Marion* are superlatively good. She possesses a charming voice, and a personality that's a good match for it. Her rendering of the song "Fascinating Venus," is one of the bright spots of the production, an artistic achievement. H. B. Williams is satisfying as *Hop Lee*,

the wily Celestial, likewise Fred Bailey as the *Bad Man Barker*. Louise Brackett shows to advantage as *Sally Winthrop*, and Jethro Warner is a clever *Col. Winthrop*. One of the clever diversions of the production is the dancing of H. B. Williams and Etta Lockhart in the second act.

"Peggy from Paris," with new songs and many new and bright lines, and a good producing company, is pleasing the large audiences at the Grand. There is no change, save perhaps, for the better, in the production that was seen here last season. Arthur Deagon is an intelligent and humorous *Reginald Hickey* and Miss Julia West is a pleasing *Peggy*. Miss Clara Martin is an impressive *Lutie Plumer*. She has an excellent voice and manner. Her rendition of the musical oddity, "Henny" would in itself redeem a poorer performance of the piece.

Sardou's version of "Antony and Cleopatra," served to open the season at the Odeon last Sunday night. Melbourne MacDowell who has been entertaining the Suburban Garden patrons during the summer season, appeared as *Antony* and Miss Jessaline Rodgers as *Cleopatra*. The principals received excellent support from the rest of the company. There was no evidence of staleness in Mr. MacDowell's work despite

his long season at the park. He went vigorously to his work and seemed in better voice than ever. Miss Rodgers, though she had not played *Cleopatra* for some three or four seasons, displayed a familiarity with the part and the entire piece which increased as the play progressed. She has the dignified bearing of a queen and her striking personality heightens the charm of her acting. She is very popular with the Odeon patrons.

Miss Margaret Nevillé, a talented young actress, who is striving for greater honors, is doing some really excellent character acting at the Imperial this week, in David Higgins' play "At Piney Ridge," a melodrama, the scenes of which are laid in the mountains of Tennessee. Miss Nevillé's work is very impressive. Van Kinzie, a brother of Mr. Higgins, the author, takes the leading male role, and is also proving a rather promising young actor. The other members of the company give good intelligent support to the principals. The play is forceful with strong dramatic situations and climaxes.

Rice and Barton's Extravaganza is at the Gayety, presenting a generous quantity of talent. The musical numbers, the comedy and the specialties are all up-to-date. Charles Barton leads the entertainers, and the specialties provided by Renzetta and Larue, acrobats, Bertha

Hollenbec, vocalist, and a number of other well known performers completes a first-class performance in the vaudeville line.

"The Merry Maidens" are offering real good entertainment at the Standard this week. The musical farce, "The Maid and the Mule," which is given in three acts, with specialties interspersed, is the hit of the show. It keeps the audience in roars. The entire company takes a hand in its production. In the specialty line, everything is new. Charley and Fannie Van do a clever comedy sketch. The Ferrell Brothers' bicycle performance is a thriller. The other numbers of a large programme are very good.

At the Alps that great basso, Eugene Cowles, is holding forth this week, with a selection of songs one never tires of hearing him sing. He is a far better singer for a big orchestra like that out at the Alps, than for the smaller confines of the vaudeville stage. At the Alps this week Cowles is really coming into his own again. Director Stark surprises his audiences night after night with music of the lighter vein, which they have not heard often. Herr Stark, however, knows light opera music from the earliest to the latest composers, and will have many more surprises in store. For next Friday he

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has arranged a Wagner-Strauss night. The first four numbers will be Wagner numbers, to be directed by Mr. Fred Fischer then Stark will lift the baton and seize the violin and bow, and luxuriate in Strauss music.

The vaudeville program in Hopkins' Pavilion at the Highlands this week is among the best of the season, even though the latter is drawing to a close. Arthur Buckner, an English trick bicycle rider, is the head-liner. He is working out his salvation in trick riding along an entirely different line from any of his predecessors that have been seen here. His paraphernalia consists of a perfect hardware store of japanned and nickel-plated things—tables, chairs, stairways and towers. Delphino and Delmora, Henderson and Ross, the Vivians, an excellent team of sharp shooters and the biograph are other good acts to entertain. Next week Col. Hopkins will have the Senif Ladies' Band as the top-liner, and Ethel Whiteside and her Pickaninnies, Miss Goodnor, vocalist, and the Rader Brothers in the bill, with special pictures for the biograph.

"The Belle of New York," the tuneful musical comedy, has returned to the boards at Delmar, as popular as it was three or four weeks ago, on its first presentation of the season. Edwin A. Clark again scored in the song "She is The Belle of New York," in which Toby Craig also appeared to advantage. Gus Weinberg is as big a hit as ever as *Karl Von Pumpernick*. Edith Yerrington, Stella Tracy and the other members of the company are also appearing to advantage. In fact, "The Belle of New York" is good entertainment, just as good as when presented by a much more pretentious company.

#### Coming Attractions.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a spectacular military opera, will be the Olympic attraction next week. It is a story of Civil War days of the Southern girls who fell in love with the boys in blue, and vice versa, —military pictures set to music. The scenes are laid in the Lower Mississippi Valley. The patriotic flavor of the music is particularly attractive. Among the song hits are "My Own United States," "Just Marry the Man and Be Merry," "Good Day, Yankees," "My Honeysuckle Girl" and "Katie, My Southern Rose." The chorus is of mixed male and female voices, and of good quality. The scenic effects are in keeping with the other features of the show.

Coming to the Century for next week is Gus Thomas' newest comedy success, "The Education of Mr. Pipp." This piece is new to St. Louis. It was presented for a while last season in New York and was branded a success by press and public. Digby Bell will have the role of Mr. Pipp, to which he is said to be admirably suited. There are other clever people, men and women, in the company. The comedy is in three acts and the story told is that of a wealthy middle-class American family who attempt an ambitious social career, under the goad of a vigorous and vulgar old lady.

"The Filibuster," the Broadhurst-Wilson-Lorraine musical comedy will have its first production in this city next Saturday, and incidentally will open the season at the cozy Garrick. The piece will have an entire new setting. Charles E. Evans, the clever comedian, takes the principal part that of Benton Scoops, war correspondent. For assistants he has some well known stage folk. Among them are: Hallyn Mostyn, Frank Turner, Frank Lalor, Theodore Friebeus, Tom Hadaway, Charles Seagreaves, Charles Dockery, O. J. Vanesse, H. C. French, James Pursell, the beautiful Kate Condon, Helene Phillips, Isoble Hall, Grace Gresham, Frances Hodgson, Gwynn Meredith, Helen Allen, Helen Welsh and Gussie Chase. The company arrived here last Sunday from New York, and has since been rehearsing daily, so that everything will be in readiness for a smooth initial performance.

Coming to the Grand next week, commencing as usual with Sunday matinee performance, is "The Belle of the West," a musical show piece, with

much to commend it. Florence Bindley, a Kansas City young lady, appears in the title role. She is quite well known and popular with Grand patrons, having appeared in comic opera parts at that theater on previous occasions. There are a number of other well known thespians in the company that are capable of rendering good support.

Beginning next Sunday afternoon, Sardou's "Gismonda" with Miss Jessamine Rodgers in the title part and Mr. MacDowell as Almeriol the falconer, will be the attraction at the Odeon. Supporting the principals are: Willard Blackmore, Charles D. Herman, Hal De Forest, True S. James, L. Rufus Hill, Louise Carter, Leah La Force, an excellent character woman, and about a dozen other capables.

Charles T. Aldrich, supported by a strong company, including some well known stage folks, will entertain Imperial patrons next week, commencing Sunday matinee. The vehicle of entertainment is entitled "Secret Service Sam." Mr. Aldrich has won the sobriquet, actor magician, by his clever work in different shows, and in "Secret Service Sam" he is said to be particularly good.

"The New Century Maids" come to the Standard next week, commencing their engagement with a matinee Sunday. And they are in the show line what their name signifies, too—the newest of the new women. They have a bunch of laugh winning burlesques from which to choose, and will present a good one or two in St. Louis. In specialty features they have everything, including some thrillers. The performance is peppered with comedy features, sprung by good comedians of both sexes.

Next is the farewell week at Delmar Garden, and the management has selected a fetching attraction for the occasion in "The Telephone Girl." The success of the musical shows at Delmar this season, especially of "King Dodo" and "The Belle of New York" makes it certain that the sprightly "Telephone Girl," with its gay music and several new songs will be given hearty support. There is ample opportunity for good comedians in the piece, and this feature of the performance will easily share honors with the musical triumphs.

"The Tocadoero Burlesquers" with new faces and novel hits will be at the Gayety for a week commencing Sunday night. The company includes some of the best vaudevillians in the business and a score of pretty choristers. Two new burlesques, "A Saintly Sinner" and "Hotel Astorbilt," will be presented. They are said to be uproariously funny. Throughout the performance are scattered a number of new ditties that have already caught on with the public elsewhere.

#### St. Louis Art School's Opening

The St. Louis School and Museum of Fine Arts, Nineteenth and Locust streets, resumes its day sessions, September 25, and its night classes on October 31. This is one of the best art schools in the West, in the United States, in fact. It is the Art Department of Washington University, and is presided over by Director Halsey C. Ives, a recognized authority on art. In the curriculum are drawing, modeling, painting, decorative design, and carving, ceramic decoration and pottery, book-binding and leather work. Illustrated lectures and the museum collection are free to all students. As an evidence of the standing of the school in the field of art, it may be mentioned that it was awarded the grand prize, for students' work, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Many artists and sculptors who have since attained fame, acquired their first knowledge of their art in this school.

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## Restoring Forest Park

BY CHARLES A. TODD.

Ordinance No. 20,412, permitting the use of one-half of Forest Park by the Exposition, lays down certain plain and positive conditions and requirements for the absolute protection of the park from all harm whatever; all of which have been defiantly and persistently ignored and violated. An enormous damage has been permanently done the city in the park, the responsibility for which in the way of cost of reconstruction Mr. Francis is seeking to put upon the people of St. Louis through abrogation of the ordinance by the city legislature. An attempt early in the season proved abortive, but it was threatened that another and more comprehensive attempt would be made at the fall session. Our citizens generously gave five millions to the Fair, in addition to the free use of the park, besides the five millions of subscription. Will they submit to this great additional tax scheme to be forced upon them? On what grounds does Mr. Francis dare expect that the representatives of the people will be so devoid of honor and decency as to do his will in this matter? It is timely to glance over the main provisions of the ordinance and note what a reckless and dishonorable violation of the laws has characterized the action of President Francis as chief and responsible officer of the Exposition Company.

Section 3 provides that within six months after the close of the Fair the Fair Company shall clear the park of all debris, towers, buildings and other structures of every kind, and shall, within 12 months fully restore the park. That there should be not the least possibility of any one mistaking the meaning of this fundamental provision, President Phillips of the Board of Public Improvements, at a public meeting, declared that the "ordinance requires the World's Fair directors to place the park in the condition in which they found it." President Francis took part in the debate and said, "If there are any private axes to grind in connection with this move, the fact, as yet, has not reached the ears of the men composing this company" (vide report in the *Globe-Democrat*.) In the light of the subsequent sale of the Colorado Railroad for some millions, President Francis, owning one-half, the "as yet" is significant, to say the least. The wretched story of the unchecked destruction of our finest park is only too familiar an instance of reckless vandalism and lawlessness unparalleled. An unprejudiced examination of the park to-day will show that, conservatively speaking, fully one-fourth of the park is totally wrecked; as time passes the ruin will be found to be even more extensive. As to the "clearance within six months of all structures," part of the park is fenced at this moment, and the people are charged admission to their own property. Section 4 provides that the Exposition Company shall file its bond in the sum of \$100,000, conditions for a full compliance with all the terms and conditions of this ordinance. The Board of Public Improvements, however, shall have the right, if it deem it necessary in the interests of the city, to require an additional bond in such amount as it may believe proper. When it became clear that President Francis had not the slightest intention to respect the law, but had turned loose in the park an army of axemen and graders, the B. P. I. became alarmed and employed a competent expert to estimate the damages for a new bond, as required by the ordinance. Based upon his very positive statement the Board insisted upon a new bond of \$650,000 as a minimum required to remedy, to some extent, the havoc already effected, February, 1903. Much more wholesale dev-

astation followed during the ensuing year. President Francis flatly refused to respect either the board or the law. The Fair bond stands to-day at its merely nominal rate, conditioned on observance of the ordinance, \$100,000. Mayor Wells, whose duty it was to secure the bond, allowed the city's just and lawful claim to be thrust aside as of no consequence. "The World's Fair mayor!" This sum, \$650,000, nevertheless, is the debt owing the city this day by the Exposition Company, and is a first claim upon all money that is now or may be hereafter in its treasury. No number or excellence of buildings left in the park meets the requirement of the law that the Fair Company shall fully restore the park. That provision stands in spite of the Mayor's incompetency or bad faith. The *Post-Dispatch* rightly states the whole matter: "By official neglect the city's rights have been squandered. But it is as clear as sunlight that a moral obligation rests upon the World's Fair directors, which they cannot honorably repudiate. When they undertook the enterprise they accepted all the legal responsibilities which it involved."

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## Cella "Turned Down"

The New York Metropolitan Turf Association has turned down the application of Louis A. Cella, of St. Louis, for membership in the organization. Mr. Cella was not blackballed, but was advised to withdraw his application, which he did.

After the closing down of racing at the St. Louis tracks, of which Mr. Cella is one of the principal owners, he came East, and since the opening at Sheepshead Bay has furnished the capital for the book of Harris Parr, a member of the Mets. He expected to stay the season out, and wishing to be represented in the big ring applied for membership with the Mets.

The first meeting of the association since the application was filed, was held Tuesday night. Before the meeting Mr. Cella was advised to withdraw his application, as there was no chance of his election, and he would be saved the humiliation of being blackballed.

It is understood that Cella's application was only one of many that would have been presented by Westerners had his been favorably acted upon. But they will hardly be presented now.

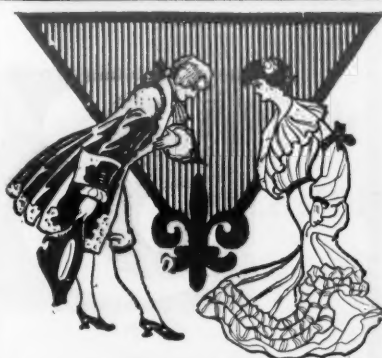
The Mets are to be commended for the stand they have taken in this case. Those conversant with the racing affairs in the West, put the blame for the present situation on Mr. Cella and his partners in the control of racing at St. Louis. They antagonized the better element that favored racing and eventually brought the sport into disrepute.

Now that he has killed the golden-egged goose at St. Louis, Mr. Cella has shifted his field of operations to the East. A membership in the Mets would have been an opening wedge to him, and the association acted in the best interest of racing when he was turned down.

It might go farther and prohibit its members from allowing the use of their names for Cella to book under. Then it might with credit to the association put the reverse English on the pretensions of some of the members, who sooner or later are to bring the organization into disrepute.—*New York Telegraph*.

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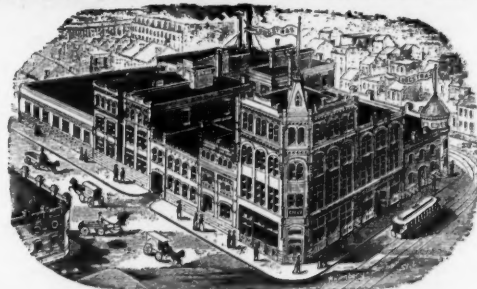
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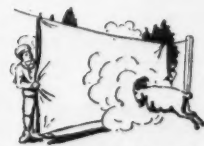
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## The Stock Market

Some New York banks thought fit to call in part of their loans to Wall street houses, and thereby precipitated a sharp break in stock market values last week. The rapid depletion of surplus reserves and the extravagance of quotations in most instances provoked the adoption of more conservative methods on the part of these financial institutions. At this writing, the surplus reserves of the Associated banks are only about \$5,500,000 above the legal limit. This is certainly a precariously low level for this time of the year, with the brunt of the currency movement to the interior centers still to be borne. As a result of this uncomfortable state of affairs in the money market, European bankers have already been appealed to for loans, and, judging by the movement in the foreign exchange markets, this appeal seems to have been partly successful.

It would seem that the monetary position in New York is viewed with greater concern in Europe than it is in Wall street. British and German speculators do not like the appearance of things on this side; they are mortally afraid of a grave turn in affairs, which would create havoc in market values. Wall street, however, still refuses to take the prospects for higher money rates in anything but a moderately serious way. It is confident, apparently, that our European cousins will lend a friendly hand and fork over all the cash that may be necessary to keep the speculative bark from hitting the rocks with disastrous force. Whether this confidence is justified, or not, time alone can tell. All that can be said at this date is, that European centers of finance are not particularly flushed with "easy money," or in such a dare-devil hilarity as to be willing to let us have any old amount of money that the Wall street cliques may be compelled to ask for within the next two months.

While cable dispatches from London, Berlin and Paris are almost infectiously optimistic in their tenor, market quotations from those points do not disclose more than small or sporadic improvements. Outside of the list of government issues, such as British consols, French rentes, German Imperial 3s and 4s and Japanese and Russian bonds, price quotations have advanced but slightly. There are British railroad shares, and also South African mining issues, which are lower at this writing than they were two weeks ago. In Paris, the speculative position is known to be menacingly weak. The recent *debacle* in the sugar market, which carried down with it several important houses, with liabilities aggregating about thirty million francs, and which proved particularly calamitous to a great number of speculators of small caliber, mentally and momentarily, has cast a pall over the coulisiers and somewhat offset the beneficent effects of peace news from Portsmouth. It is feared that the enormous decline in the prices of raw and refined sugar will bring about the downfall of several more houses of international standing.

However, what's all this to Hecuba, or to the mind of a stock speculator in Wall street, who considers the personal equation, "tips" from mysterious sources, chart lines, and them only? Why bother your head about money rates, sterling exchange, bank statements and developments in effete, decadent Europe? Let Eurone take care of itself. If it will only let us have some twenty-five millions, or so, for a while, we should be able to get along very well without any further assistance. However, the all-important fact is that, for the present, we are again forced to implore British, French and German bankers for needful succor. We are not independent, much as we would fain imagine ourselves to be. It is true that we have enormous financial power and prestige, that we have entered the ranks of

creditor nations, and that our financial and industrial movements are being watched with keen interest and, sometimes, with intense anxiety, for their inevitable effects on the economic situation in other countries, but this does not do away with the fact that, at times, we need foreign aid to tide over some dangerous difficulties, such as beset us again at the present moment. If Europe were to tighten its purse-strings between now and November 1st, we would be in a pretty bad hole, and no mistake.

Call and time money rates are slowly hardening. Currency is moving out to the interior in increasingly large volume. This was to be looked for, in view of the bumper wheat and record-breaking corn crop. There's now splendid reason to predict that the currency shipments from New York this fall will fully equal those of 1904. That the New York banks will be obliged to call in additional loans, may be regarded as a foregone conclusion. In the face of all this, Wall street might as well prepare itself right now for some unpleasant experiences. The bears will surely make good and highly profitable use of their long-coveted opportunity.

The extent of the reaction in values will depend, of course, upon the dimensions of speculative commitments *a la hausse*, and the exigencies of the financial market. Should Europe be unable

to accommodate us as generously as the majority of traders are inclined to expect, the downward swing in quotations may prove very expensive. For the present, however, the opinion appears to be warranted that the reaction will not wind up in a perilous panic, though it will doubtless make sharp inroads on the bank accounts of many belated bulls. Some of the leading stocks have already been carried down from six to nine points. The selling pressure in Union Pacific, Amalgamated, Smelting, St. Paul common, Northwest

# 3<sup>rd</sup>. NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS.

## Condensed Statement August 25th, 1905.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Loans and Discounts .....\$17,169,671.35	Capital .....\$ 2,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Premiums... 2,175,305.62	Surplus and Profits ..... 1,933,035.34
Other Stocks and Bonds ..... 651,255.89	Circulation ..... 1,991,600.00
Banking House and Real Estate ..... 261,000.00	U. S. Bond Account ..... 950,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange, 13.670,556.13	Deposits, . . . . 27,053,153.65
<b>\$33,927,788.99</b>	<b>\$33,927,788.99</b>

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common and Delaware and Hudson was especially noteworthy and suggestive of a highly unsound bull position. Union Pacific common has dropped to about 130. Has the decline in this instance been of sufficient proportions to again justify purchases for the rise. Judging by all precedents, it has not. This stock should decline to less than 125, at least, since at 125 the yield on the investment, considering present and prospective money market conditions, would still be unattractive. Below 125, the careful speculator would doubtless resume purchases on a scale down.

United States Steel and Amalgamated Copper are looked upon as being destined to be vigorous leaders in the next upward movement. Chicago and Boston and Pittsburg parties are said to be buyers of large chunks of these shares. In making purchases on this downward movement, remember the homely words of a thrifty ancestor of the Rothschild dynasty of financiers: "I buys sheep and sells deer."

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things continue in the same old rut. Transactions, in the past week, have not been large in any instance, and price changes indifferent. Holders are still looking for higher prices, and would-be buyers are disposed to await the wind-up of the reaction in Wall street and developments in the money market. The banks are well fortified to withstand the demand for money from country customers.

No stringency in local money rates is looked for. The banks do not intend to restrict their accommodations to good customers. It may be found necessary, though, after a while, to stiffen interest rates a bit, so as to prevent kite-flying in speculative quarters.

The investor continues to look for lower prices. He does not see much inducement to buy at prices yielding but a pittance on the investment. A good decline would do no harm. It would benefit broker as well as investor. As matters stand, buyer and seller have locked horns.

United Railways preferred is selling at 81; the common is lower, nominally, with 28½ bid, 29¾ asked. The 4 per cent bonds are going at the old price, —87. For East St. Louis and Suburban 5s 101¾ is bid, 102¼ asked.

There's mighty little doing in the bank and trust company group. For Missouri-Lincoln 146¼ is asked, with no bids at this writing. For Mercantile Trust 398 is asked, no bids. A few odd lots of Merchants-Laclede sold at 314¾. A lot of 25 shares of State National changed hands at 177½. For Bank of Commerce 342 is bid, 344 asked.

Last week's bank clearance aggregated \$46,653,816, which compares with \$53,483,807 for the corresponding week in 1904. Sterling exchange is quoted at \$4.86½, Berlin at 95.18 and Paris at \$5.17. New York drafts are quoted at 10 cents discount bid, par asked.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

J. P. J., Topeka, Kan.—Canadian Pacific sold at 33 in 1895. High in 1901 was 117½. The low point for Illinois Central in the past decade was 81½, which was touched in 1895. Southern Railway preferred sold at 22 in the same years, and at 15½ in 1896.

E. F. B., Moberly, Mo.—Would take profits on New York Central on first rally. Add to your margin on Erie and hang on to it. Buy more, if you can, on all breaks.

R. W. A.—Would not advise investment in American Hide and Leather 6s. Colorado Fuel convertibles highly speculative and risky. Rock Island 5s a fair purchase on a reaction.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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### Real Smoke Consumption

There is no one thing more universally used or of more value to mankind than coal, yet it is well known to all users, whether for domestic, manufacturing or transportation purposes, that nearly one-half of coal burned is wasted by imperfect combustion, escape of smoke, and cinders in ash pit. In the usual manner of burning coal, one-half of the caloric value is lost, because of lack of sufficient oxygen to ignite with the carbon, as it requires two atoms of oxygen to one atom of carbon, and as air is composed of 4.5 nitrogen to 1.5 oxygen, (the nitrogen being a detriment to combustion) it is impossible to get one-half of needed free oxygen into the fire chamber by admitting air only through the ash-pit, part of which is lost by friction and impediments of grate bars and ash on same, and the process of disassociation by heat from the nitrogen. Thus the result is formation of carbonic oxide gas, or imperfect combustion; coal users have become reconciled to this waste and often look with doubt upon any device proposing to remedy conditions that have existed for ages. But in this progressive age, much study has been given to economics, and many devices designed to prevent some part of this great waste. In a majority of cases, however, it is done at increased cost of labor or decrease in power. The "Hydro-Carbon" System has demonstrated its ability to save the waste and utilize it for increased power, with less labor and cost for repairs.

It is a well established fact that bituminous or soft coal will produce more heat units than anthracite or hard coal, and is therefore preferred for steam production, but in ordinary methods of burning the soft coal so much objectionable smoke is produced by escape of free carbon that it has been largely prohibited in the cities, and always is an exhibit of money and undeveloped power wasted in the atmosphere.

The "Hydro-Carbon" System has proved in hundreds of cases that this objectionable smoke can be prevented, and the same turned into money and an active heat agency for production of power.

The system is based upon natural laws and accomplishes its results in a simple manner and its apparatus is easily equipped to any type of boiler, for any steaming purpose, at a very moderate cost, without any change in the setting of the boiler or in the fire chamber or of the grate bars, and can be used or discontinued at any time without disturbing the fires. A specially designed patented door apparatus is substituted for the ordinary fire-door, so arranged that the air is heated first and passed into the fire chamber over the fire, and by a peculiar arrangement distributed in proper proportions (suited to varying conditions of fuel used or requirements), to form an induced draft, supplying to the carbon from the coal the needed amount of free oxygen to change the conditions of the combustible gases from carbonic oxide to di-oxide and monoxide gases—thus obtaining from every pound of coal burned nearly double the amount of heat units, largely decreasing the temperature of escaping gases in the chimney, and leaving in the ash pit only the clay residuum of the coal. The carbon laden smoke from soft coal is prevented as the carbon is turned into combustible gases and heat units, in the fire chamber. In addition another element of heat is added to the coal, by superheating a small amount of steam in a heavy metal retort (of special design and material to withstand the heat) and disassociating the steam, thereby forming hydrogen gas which is ejected into the fire chamber, in combination with the induced draft, thus forming a powerful adjunct and increasing largely the ratio of evaporation, owing to less frequent firing and use of slicing bars,

less deposit of soot in or on tubes and shell, and less ash to remove; labor is saved, often dispensing with coal passers or giving the firemen more time for other duties.

This is a cheap smoke consumer—the cheapest on the market, one that could be attached even to dwelling house furnaces and those furnaces contribute not a little to the city's smoke pall, when you consider their number. It can be used in small factories without adding burdensomely to the expense.

\*\*\*

### The Belcher Baths

If you don't know it, you should, that the Belcher baths of St. Louis are affecting more cures of the various maladies that flesh is heir to, than any of the medicinal waters of the country. Why go to other resorts, when at your own door can be enjoyed, winter or summer, night or day, more advantages with better results? The Belcher baths at Fourth street and Lucas avenue, in the matter of appointments, are as near perfect as they could be made. Cleanliness and convenience and ornamentation are happily combined. There is room for all. The sexes have separate apartments, each with marble-lined bathing pools of the finest mineral water in the land. Visitors and even residents, may live right beside the baths, for there is in connection, one of the finest hotels in the city, where accommodations can be secured for a night or a day or a year. Belcher water, for drinking purposes, is supplied free of charge in the hotel, and it is a most refreshing and beneficial thirst-quencher. There is no such thing as getting too much of it. The system seems to absorb it at once. The drinking of the water is known to produce cures in many cases of stomach, liver, kidney and intestinal troubles, and taken with the baths has a rejuvenating effect on the entire system. Single baths are \$1, a course of eleven, \$10.

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